

CAVALCADE

1953

SEPTEMBER, 1/6

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How to beat Blood Pressure — page 4



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Cavalcade

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VOL. 18, No. 4

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you can work with

HIGH

BLOOD PRESSURE

There is no need to consider yourself an invalid if you have high blood pressure. Carry on with your work.

A NURSE, 53 years of age, complained to her doctor about slight troubles in seeing. She was a little tired sometimes, had occasional headaches, but on most days she felt well and had no complaints at all. She liked her work—in fact, her main worry was that the doctor might advise her not to work any more.

The doctor took her blood pressure and found it was 230 points, which was much too high.

The doctor talked the matter over with a well-known heart specialist. The two physicians were well aware that it meant a risk to let her go on working, but they decided to do just that. They advised her not to lift the patients or other heavy loads and not to carry children.

This happened eight years ago. The nurse is still working, she usually is well, though at times she has slight

complaints. Her blood pressure stays around 230, sometimes a little higher, at other times a little lower, not influenced by any drugs or diet or other cures.

There is always the danger of some serious change in a vital artery, but this danger was present already eight years ago—eight years of happy work, satisfied life!

The term High Blood Pressure or Hypertension, has become very popular, and a nightmare for nervous people. Many people know about the particularities of arterial hypertension—not everything, of course—just enough to be terrorized by their imagination.

They forget, or they don't know, that the blood pressure is only a single digit in the large amount of details the physician needs for his diagnosis. Its importance can be judged correctly only within the whole medical picture. We are told that the percentage of young and middle-aged people who have high blood pressure, is mounting steadily, presumably in connection with the hurry and hustle of modern life.

Actually, there are no reliable statistics to prove this statement. There is no real increase of diseases of heart and arteries in the age group up to fifty. High blood pressure is rare under 30 and 40, and in later years it usually is in normal limits. A real heart condition or a disease of the kidneys may produce hypertension. But high blood pressure, in such cases, is not the only sign of the physical disorder nor is it the most important.

The blood pressure is measured with an apparatus and its height is expressed in millimetres of mercury. A cuff is wrapped around the upper arm and pumped up until it shuts off

the flow of blood to the wrist artery. When the doctor releases the pressure and the first surge of blood is felt (by the doctor's finger) or heard (with the doctor's stethoscope), he takes his reading; this is the systolic blood pressure which shows the pressure with each systole or contraction of the heart. This is what we call blood pressure.

A second reading shows the heart's resting phase, the diastolic pressure. The latter pressure is lower.

The blood pressure may be increased by muscular strain, but the increase disappears immediately on cessation of the effort. There is no agreement what blood pressure is normal. Dr. A. M. Master and Dr. L. I. Dublin recently tabulated the blood pressure of 16,000 seemingly healthy men and women from 16 to 65. They found an average systolic blood pressure for men of 20 was 105-140 (women 100-130); at 40 years was 110-150 in men (women 105-150); at 60 years of 115-170 (women 115-175).

These authors stated also that systolic pressures of 160 to 190 mm. of mercury are not uncommonly observed after the age of 50. Patients with such readings may be in good health, and efforts to lower the blood pressure by means of drugs or strict low sodium or rice diets may be unnecessary. Any necessary treatment will be dependent on condition and function of the heart.

Employees showing high blood pressure due to changes in heart or arteries are useful in industry, according to a study by Drs. D. S. Smith and J. S. Lambie. The older people with such afflictions are, the better is the prognosis. Employees with high blood pressure have as short a period of disability before death as the average worker.

DR. W. SCHWEISHEIMER

In a study on employment of people with high blood pressure in industry, Dr. E. W. Probst discovered some remarkable facts. The industrial performance and the accident records of people known to have high blood pressure, were compared with those of an equal number of persons employed who did not have this condition in similar work. The incidence of accidents in the group with high blood pressure was distinctly less than that in the well group.

A report on extensive health examinations by the General Motors Corporation in Detroit has recently been published by Dr. Edwin De Jongh, Medical Director of the Corporation. His observations gave evidence that high blood pressure ranked as the second most common condition among the executives of the Corporation (the most common condition was obesity).

High blood pressure was found to exist in connection with kidney conditions, heart trouble, etc., but by far the largest single group was so-called essential hypertension—a group of patients who have no other organic signs except high blood pressure.

Expressed or repressed emotion may cause a large rise in blood pressure. You go to the clinic for measuring the blood pressure or to your doctor's surgery. There is a 30 per cent. possibility that your blood pressure is 40 points (mm. of mercury) or more—lower when your blood pressure is being measured in your home by yourself than when it is measured in the surgery by your doctor. Why? Expectation and worry raise the blood pressure.

The prescription of special diets for patients with high blood pressure has been abandoned by many physicians. For some time it was the

fashion to restrict the protein content of the diet, particularly by restricting red meat. An abundance of protein in the diet should always be avoided, but the regular mixed type of diet, with plenty of vegetables, salads and fruits, has hardly ever to be changed for the man with high blood pressure.

Obesity is often associated with high blood pressure, and loss of weight in such cases will relieve some symptoms such as headache or dizziness attributed to high blood pressure.

An extreme form of sodium-chloride-free diet has recently been recommended for people with high blood pressure.

The opinion that high blood pressure is connected with, or produced by, the restlessness of modern business life and working methods had the consequence—for a time, at last of laying undue stress on the necessity of a quiet life or good health.

This, however, is not the best possible method for all types of active people. If you are accustomed to steady work and an active life, you will suffer mentally as well as physically by too much rest. It is contrary to your nature.

A better organization of your daily life with some time for rest, with avoiding exaggerated hurry and unnecessary pressure, and with occasional vacations in pleasant surroundings will be helpful, but no extremes to get rid of a certain responsibility.

Dr. Karl Menninger, a leading psychiatrist, has stressed this experience: "In arterial hypertension," he says, "when there is a response of the arteries to the anxiety associated with emotional conflict, former prescription (prevention) of exercise and work seems to have been a step in

precisely the wrong direction."

He believes, confidently, that the death of some patients with high blood pressure has been hastened by physicians who barred them from the only available form of aggression to which they had access.

This "form of aggression" was WORK. Useful work is no load. It is a normal, desirable condition of life.

Most people need work as they need food. Rest periods when the need arises, are most helpful and increase the productivity of people with high

blood pressure. Such hypertensive people should not do heavy physical work, however.

As for the use of moderate doses of alcohol and nicotine by people with high blood pressure, there are different opinions. Usually moderate doses of alcoholic beverages with their dilating effect on the blood vessels are better tolerated than smoking, which stimulates the constricting influence on blood vessels. What the individual prefers and tolerates should be the guiding principle in these matters.



A MISTRESS BEHIND THE THRONE

ANGUS HAYWOOD



King Charles showered gifts on his mistress, Barbara.

Even after his marriage, Barbara lived in the Palace.

IN 1660 a beautiful woman left London for the continent. She had in tow her dullard husband, Roger Palmer.

Roger was dutiful if not over-perceptive, and he did not know his wife's sudden desire for the gaiety of the continent was really to meet her lover, the Earl of Chesterfield.

Already, despite her nineteen summers, Barbara was a deceiver of some artfulness. The daughter of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, Barbara early showed signs of developing into a true Villiers beauty.

The Palmers headed for the Netherlands where Charles II roistered and waited impatiently for England to

call him to the throne. Among his surrounding minions Barbara hoped to find the errant Chesterfield.

Before that meeting took place, Barbara's eyes fell on the handsome figure of the king, and as their eyes met, Chesterfield became an affair of the past.

Charles, whose dalliances in every corner of Europe were everyday prattle, was as badly smitten as Mistress Palmer. Their love affair, rarely serene, more often tempestuous, was to survive until Charles' death in 1685, and Barbara Villiers, unfaithful wife of a nobody was to become England's First Lady.

When, on May 29, 1660, Charles en-

tered London at the bequest of his people, the Palmers were there to meet him—Roger as a dutiful royalist and Barbara as an ardent lover.

In the days that followed London eagerly awaited the King's infatuation to cease when they hoped to see him take up the reins of government.

It never did happen and for twenty-five years they watched their gay and handsome monarch led by the nose by one of the most fascinating courtesans ever to tread the English stage.

A few days sufficed for Charles to transform the stiff-starched Puritanical court into a bawdy rout. A party every afternoon and a ball every night was the order, at which Charles was observed kissing Mistress Palmer every few minutes, "unmindful of who was looking."

Palmer, still unmindful or unwilling to believe his wife was mistress to the king, had to admit a little uncertainty when Barbara gave birth to a daughter, Anne.

Over the years another four children were to arrive, some of whose paternity Roger had the precocity to claim.

This scandalous state of affairs in newly-converted England gave rise to a wave of gossip. So much so that Roger was forced to admit that his wife had gone astray. Charles effectively quietened his remonstrances by elevating him to the earldoms of Limerick and Castlemaine—in other words, a courteous banishment to Ireland to look after the estates entailed.

Another heckler in the name of chastity, the obese and gouty Edmund Hyde, was pacified by his promotion to the Earl of Clarendon, a position from which he could control the

nation's exchequer and Great Seal.

With government so proportioned, Charles took on the more serious affair of entertaining Barbara, now the Countess of Castlemaine. His visits five nights a week to her mansion in King Street were eagerly watched by the crowd who gathered to see him clamber up the ivy-covered walls to enter by her window.

While the populace gasped at Barbara's frivolities, others with legitimate missions to pursue, discovered the only way to reach the king's ear was to approach him through his countess. Thus she came into possession of cash bribes, which, added to the gifts Charles lavished on her, came into a sizeable sum.

She persuaded Charles to give her the office of selling appointments in the Army and civil service, and when this did not yield enough for her extravagant wants, prevailed on him to pass grants under fictitious names, the money from which she claimed. At the time, it was estimated the expensive courtesan cost the taxpayers £100,000 a year to keep.

Always the leader of fashion, Barbara plastered herself with gems until she was ablaze from shoe buckles to diamond tiara, and appeared at balls carrying something like £50,000 worth of diamonds.

When Clarendon suggested Charles contract a legal marriage, the first rift appeared between the pair. The bride selected, the Infanta Katherine de Braganza of Portugal, appeared in her miniature as a voluptuously handsome young woman. Without hesitation Charles ordered her brought to England.

Barbara's chagrin at the proposed wedding turned to vast amusement when the Infanta landed. The Portuguese was very short and dumpy,

TICK-TOCK

The defendant was worried in the dock
As he listened to every phrase.
The case: Who owned the eight-day clock?
With the loser the one who pays.
The justice sat solid as a rock;
On the defendant he fixed his gaze.
He said: "The plaintiff gets the clock —
And you get the eight days."
—AH-EM.

with a retrousse nose and protruding teeth.

Charles was aghast, but on acquaintance he discovered the little Infanta to be more wholesome than he had first thought, and he married her.

When, as queen, Katherine was installed in Whitehall, Barbara asked to be presented to her. The queen's poor English at first prevented her from realising whom she was meeting —when full recognition dawned on her that she had just met the infamous Countess of Castlemaine, she collapsed in a nervous fit and had to be carried to her room.

Barbara chose to believe the queen had fainted to insult her, and promptly had hysterics. Between the two, dashed Charles, completely unnerved at the antics of his women.

Barbara abused the king for transferring his affection to such an unprepossessing creature. The nucleus of her storming was a request to be made a Lady of the Bedchamber,

which Charles immediately granted in the name of peace.

Briefly quiet reigned in the palace, with the young queen submitting to the indignity of Barbara living under her own roof.

Her affections blighted by what she preferred to call Charles' duplicity, Barbara began to seek new lovers while still maintaining her hold on the king.

Admirers were there in plenty, for her notoriety had made her the most desirable woman in London. The young, handsome and wealthy were to be had by the bushel but Barbara disdained them. She considered a fitting rebuke to the monarch would be to consort with an ill-bred, ill-featured creature the king personally detested, one, Harry Jermyn. He has been described as having the "face of an African lemur with a hideously large head and little pipe-stem legs."

In retaliation Charles paid nightly visits to the painted ladies of the notorious Nightingale Lane, pursuing stormy affairs with Louise de Querouaille, Nell Gwynne and the dancer Moll Davis.

On her side Barbara flounced her petticoats provocatively at three or four men.

In spite of these tauntings Charles and Barbara continued to have stormy reconciliations and periods of blissful pleasure in each other's company, until Peter Talbot, cousin to the Earl of Shrewsbury, spread a tale that Barbara was employing supernatural means to bind Charles to her.

This deadly indictment cost Talbot life-long banishment from the kingdom but the harm he did could not be undone.

Returning in her carriage from a late party, Barbara was set upon in

the park by three masked men. After a storm of abuse one man put his head inside the carriage and whispered meaningfully: "And keep it in mind, madam, that Jane Shore, whore to Edward IV., lived to perish on a dunghill scorned and abandoned by all the world!"

This only served to send Barbara weeping to Charles, to be partly appeased with caresses and gifts and the new title of Duchess of Cleveland.

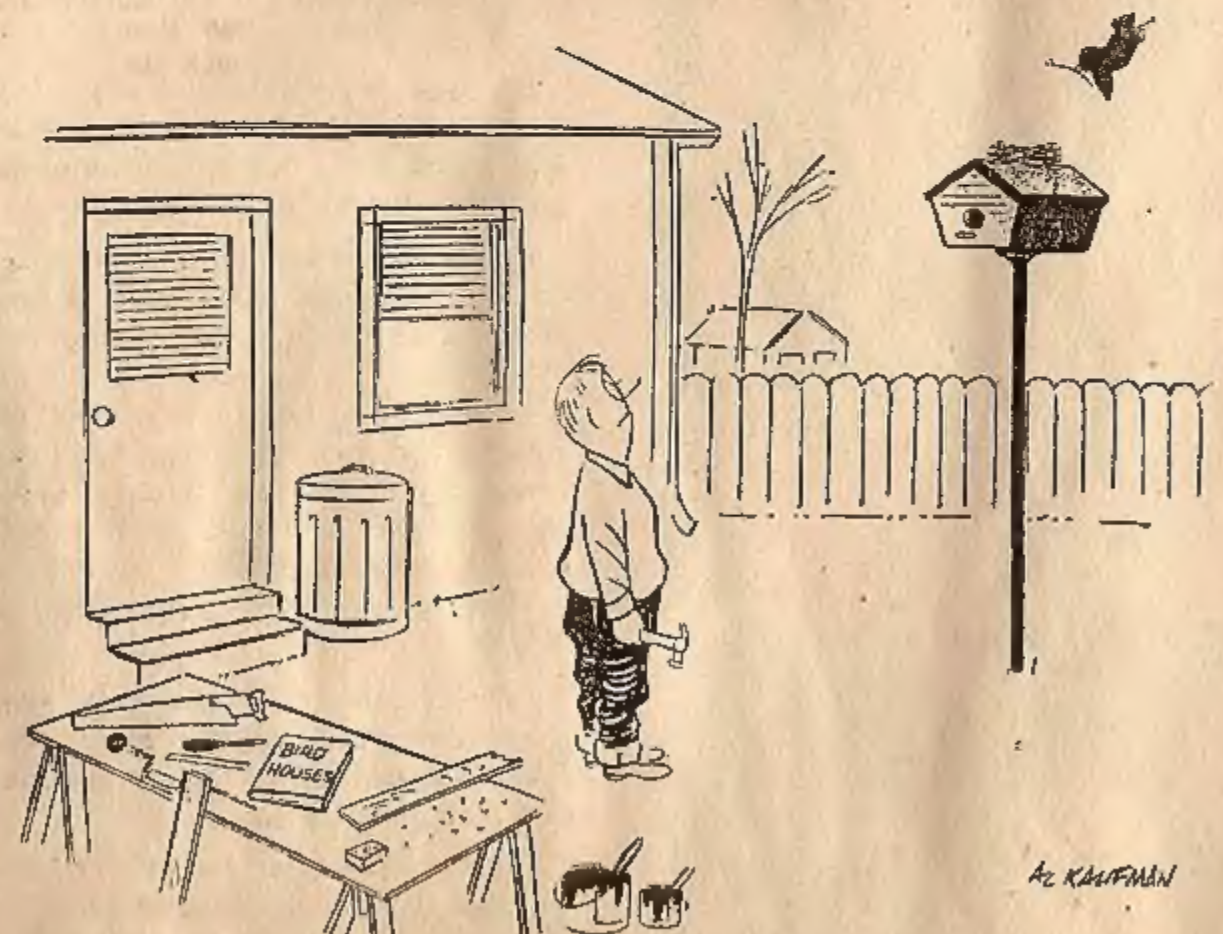
At the age of forty-four Barbara was still the red-haired beauty of earlier years and her hold was never stronger on Charles, when in 1685 he collapsed and, after a short illness, died.

Within four months of his death Barbara married Major-General Rob-

ert Fielding, a fifty-year-old rake. Their brief marriage ended a month later when it was discovered that Fielding was already married, and Barbara had the satisfaction of having him imprisoned.

Her insatiate appetite for money and gems left her well provided for in her old age, and she settled in Chiswick, happy in the knowledge that the children of her various alliances were established in Parliament and at Court.

Monstrously disproportioned with dropsy she died in 1709, her best epitaph, a quip of her own: "I hope to live fat and merry till I'm forty and die with the first wrinkle and the reputation of never having been without a lover."



AL KAUFMAN

Hollywood's Cat Burglar

J. W. HEMING

Willard Borton stole everything he could lay his hands on—even a piano.

WHILE still a child, Willard Borton made his design for living. It was extremely simple—"If you want anything, just take it, but never work for it."

Although simple in its essentials, such a plan of existence was likely to create complications, as Borton discovered.

He was born in Gloucester City, New Jersey, U.S.A., in 1900, but before many years had passed he moved with his family to Philadelphia.

At the age of eleven, he was arrested for felonious entry and larceny. Because of his age, the charge was dismissed. Two years later he was caught red-hot doing a "job" and this landed him in Glenn Mills Reformatory for a few months before he was paroled. Less than a year later he was sent back to the reformatory for the same type of offence.

In November 1917, he was given some compulsory work in New Jersey State Reformatory for breaking, entering and stealing.

Nine months after he was released, he was given a sentence of from one to ten years in New Jersey State

Prison. He had killed some unfortunate with the car he was driving and he got that sentence for manslaughter.

He was out in a year or so and up to his old tricks again. In May, 1921, a Pittsburgh court handed him a short term in an industrial reformatory in Huntington, the crime being burglary and receiving.

He next appeared in public at Florence, Arizona, in April, 1924. He drew down a year and a day, but he had other ideas and escaped on September 14.

He returned to Philadelphia, where, in April, 1925, he was given three to six years for entering with intent to steal. Now he really had time to think and do some work, for he didn't see the outside world until May 26, 1928.

He changed his tactics and did all right during 1929, so far as the law was concerned, but in January, 1930, he was picked up on a charge of aggravated assault and battery. He was paroled on Christmas Eve, 1931.

He moved a rung up the ladder and started on safes, cracking about twenty in twenty nights all over New Jersey. No clues were left and the robberies ended as suddenly as they had begun when Borton and his accomplice moved to pastures new.

But some months later the Philadelphia police picked up a crook named Gentry for transporting stolen cars across State lines. Gentry said that he was Borton's sidekick in the New Jersey safe-crackings.

At that moment Borton was engaged in legitimate business for a change. He was living with a woman named Charlotte and with her and her eighteen-year-old son, Robert, was managing a restaurant.

The New Jersey police gathered Borton in and locked him in the little gaol at Point Pleasant. Borton broke

out in the night and went through with his de-facto wife and stepson.

In Florida, on the late afternoon of November 21, 1934, the body of a young girl was found near the shores of the Indian River, close to the town of Melbourne. The girl was identified as Ethel Allen, a nineteen-year-old who had been missing for three days. She had last been seen with a dark man in a Ford car with Pennsylvania number plates, leaving a party.

The man was married and lived with his wife and son. He seemed to have plenty of money and spent most of his time fishing. The man, his wife and son had vanished the day Ethel's body was found. No fingerprints or clues were left in their house, but photographs of Borton were recognised. A warrant for murder was sworn out for him.

Borton made a long jump. In December, 1934, he arrived in Hollywood, California. He took the name of Ralph Graham and put on a front, renting a house on Formosa Street, where he lived with his "wife" and "stepson."

By April, 1935, with Borton's funds low, he went to work again. About nine o'clock one Sunday night he drove to Bel-Air, parked his car and strolled along until he saw a likely bust. He carried a gun, a torch and some tools. He tried the door of the place. It seemed to be empty. He forced a french-window—and when he got back to his car he carried three thousand dollars worth of jewellery! That would not be all profit, for fences only paid ten per cent of the worth of the loot.

But it was the start of a four-year headache for the Los Angeles police!

Borton's next job brought him in a measly thousand dollars worth of diamonds. And so it went on. In



September Borton called back at the first place he had robbed to see if the owners had stocked up on jewellery again. They had. Borton got two rings, a bracelet and a brooch worth 4,300 dollars.

On September 17 he found the house of a well-known multi-millionaire to be empty. He climbed the trellis, broke an upper window and left with a pillowslip in which were bonds worth 1,800,000 dollars!

But they were not negotiable. Perhaps the owner would buy them back. Borton put them aside and went on with other jobs. Later he returned them and received 2500 dollars as a reward.

Borton had worked up a new technique. He made most of his entrances through the upper windows, using a long swordfish gaff which he hooked over the sill of an upper window and then climbed. He was soon dubbed "The Phantom Burglar of Bel-Air."

Among the victims of the Phantom were film stars Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Ken Murray, Ann Dvorak, Alice Faye, Fred McMurray, Tyrone Power, Miriam Hopkins, the late Carole Lombard, Doris Kenyon, Lili Damita, John Cromwell, Lila Lee, Ketti Gallian, John McCormack and Fanny Brice.

Traps were laid, pawnshops were watched, hundreds of people questioned, detectives drove around slowly in their private cars, the personnel was constantly changed so the cat-burglar would not learn to know faces, but still the burglaries went on—but not in Bel-Air. So the police shifted into the new territory—and Borton shifted back to operate in Bel-Air.

He moved his residence from time to time, furnishing his houses with any choice article of furniture which took

his eye when on a burglary. His most amazing and audacious feat in this line was when he backed up a truck and stole a grand piano from the home of George M. Theodore, Los Angeles laundry proprietor.

He took hamburger to feed dogs likely to be annoying. At one place Borton entered, four cats annoyed him by following him from room to room, meowing all the time. He had to feed them from the refrigerator before he could be free of their company.

He no longer waited for the tenants to be out, often going in an upstairs window while the residents were downstairs. One night in July, 1938, he entered a second-floor window in the home of Frank Capra, movie director and found himself in a room where a baby was asleep in a cot. At that moment Mrs. Capra walked in the room.

Borton drew his gun and told her he would shoot if she made a sound. He said he was about to rob the house, but because of the baby he had decided against it. He then went down the back-stairs and out. Mrs. Capra supplied a description of the burglar to the police, but failed to recognise any of the photos shown her, none of which was Borton.

One night he found a woman in bed. She told him she did not go in for jewellery, but opened her fur vault. He took nothing. She asked him to have a drink, and he said he would have soft stuff. He gave her a ring he had stolen elsewhere and left.

Another night he entered a house lately occupied by Sonja Henie, but found nothing except some large cans of fish, which he loaded in his car before going to the house of Maureen O'Sullivan, who saw him prowling and rang the police.

Borton saw the police car coming and hid in an abandoned house several blocks away. Patrolmen found Borton's car behind Sonja Henie's house and kept an eye on it. When the cat-burglar approached it cautiously much later, they threw their torches and guns on him and took his gun. He said he was a guard for Sonja Henie and was on the track of a burglar. He got away.

Not satisfied with his payments from his fence, he searched for another fence, but he picked on an honest man and was trapped and arrested.

There was an enormous amount of

stolen property in Borton's house, including the grand piano, a refrigerator, typewriters, movie cameras and projectors. It was estimated that Borton stole, in his 85 burglaries, jewellery which cost 375,000 dollars. About a third of it was never recovered.

Borton's "wife and stepson" were arrested but released. Borton denied being concerned in the murder of Ethel Allen. He pleaded guilty to three counts of burglary, was declared an habitual criminal, and sentenced to natural life in Folsom Prison, the walls of which even a cat-burglar cannot climb.

He has a permanent job at last!





SPENCER LEEMING

'FRISCO FUGITIVE

Henry Meiggs, a fugitive from justice, accomplished one of the greatest engineering feats of the ages.

"HEY, Pedro, lay off that rum. I guess we'll want all our wits, and a mighty bit o' luck if we are to make 'Frisco in good time."

So said young American engineer and adventurer, Henry Meiggs. The year was 1849.

Their sturdy craft, loaded to the last square inch with cargo collected from the Eastern States of South America, had already rounded Cape Horn, and a fair breeze was favor-

ing them, racing them along with it.

Looking northward at the seemingly boundless Pacific Ocean which Nunez de Balboa called The Southern Sea, Henry had greed in his heart—not the greed of a miser, but a covetous urge which impelled him towards high adventure in which the risks were many and the prizes good.

He knew that every bit of his cargo would be snatched up eagerly by the gold diggers round San Francisco;

and he had prearranged in his mind that he would make them pay through the nose for it. Most of those gold-graspers would be able to afford good prices, he thought.

They made a fair journey through the steamy tropics, across the Equator—and then, at last, to and through the Golden Gate.

Having found a suitable berth, Henry Meiggs unloaded his cargo bit by bit, and sold it by auction to the highest bidder. . . .

He made a small fortune out of that deal.

His gambler's instinct then turned him to other and bigger ventures. 'Frisco in those days was easy prey for men who were prepared to take risks—and one of them was Henry Meiggs.

For a time this gambler had the luck of a Midas. Nothing could go wrong. It seemed that he was on the highroad to fabulous wealth.

Then, as nearly always happens in the end, the wheel of Fortune turned against him. His gambles for high stakes were worse than unsuccessful. He lost every dollar that he had gained.

With not a bean in his pocket, or in the bank, he descended to forging financial documents, in the hope of retrieving his losses. The jobs were cleverly done, but were by no means foolproof. Some clever brains in 'Frisco began to get suspicious to the point of taking drastic action.

Henry heard about this, and he thought it was time to kick 'Frisco's dust from his well-worn heels, and disappear into the blue.

For six months he travelled incognito across the blue seas, from one Pacific island to another, earning his tucker as a sailor, beachcomber, beggar. That was in 1856

Eventually Henry Meiggs landed at Talcahuano in the south of Chile in a desperate plight. The first thing he did was to sell his watch in the town, to get something to live on for a few days.

Very soon he began to hear people talking. Language difficulties prevented him from understanding all that they said, but he gathered enough to put him on the alert.

No, they weren't hunting for Henry Meiggs. The talk was about the country's failure to complete its railway between Valparaiso and Santiago. Contracts had been broken, and there had been financial failures and gross incompetence, with the result that the line had been built only half way. Henry gathered that the Chilean Government were very worried about it.

Being an engineer, Henry Meiggs thought that in this failure he saw a new chance for himself.

Promptly, and with indomitable confidence in himself, he offered his services to the Chilean Government, and (somewhat to his surprise) found a ready acceptance.

The 'Frisco fugitive recruited skilled artisans and a large labour force of his own choosing, directed the operation with consummate skill and inexhaustible patience, and made a first-class job of the railway completion.

Don Enrique, as he called himself, was well paid and most generously feted for his magnificent feat. To the Chilean people he became a hero, because they knew that the joining up of Valparaiso and Santiago by rail, after so long a failure to do so, would make all the difference to Chile's prosperity, comfort and development, as it certainly did.

When the job was finished, Don

IN an examination, a question read: "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

One student thought hard over this one for a while, then he wrote: "I would lower the barometer by a string, then I would measure the string."

Enrique staged an elaborate function to which all the important people in Chile were invited. There he received the blessing of the Archbishop, the thanks of the Government of Chile, and the congratulations of the American Ambassador.

Henry smiled inwardly when his country's representative in Chile praised the unrecognised 'Frisco trader who had bolted from the law because of his forgeries and debts.

With part of the handsome proceeds from the railway job, Don Enrique built himself a splendid mansion in Santiago which he called "a palace," where hospitality knew no bounds. His banquets were Lucullan in their richness and splendour.

Years passed, then one morning in the year 1868, Don Enrique summoned his secretary, and told him that he had arranged to go to Lima, the capital city of Peru.

The choice of Lima and Peru was not fortuitous. Henry Meiggs had

heard of the Chan dynasty, the Inca Empire, and El Dorado. Gold! The mere word fascinated him, as it had done in San Francisco.

And so began the greatest adventure of this extraordinary Yankee's chequered career, something that was to make history in the ancient land of the Incas.

Meiggs made some rough surveys inland from Lima, and then approached the Peruvian Government with a proposal to build a central railway from Callao and Lima across the apparently insurmountable Andes to the central tableland of Peru. He was able to furnish credentials regarding his fine work in Chile.

"Wonderful, Senor, and something that we need badly—but impossible, quite impossible. You cannot know the Andes," the Government spokesman replied, with a significant gesture.

To Henry Meiggs nothing was impossible. The greater the challenge, the better he liked it. "I can do it," he said. Finally his blandishments and past record for railway construction persuaded the Government that he could and would do the job successfully.

Finance, materials, labour and permits were obtained, and in 1870 he commenced his Herculean engineering task of building the Central Railway through the Andes. Santiago, his "palace," and his many Chilean friends were left behind, apparently quite forgotten.

The first portion of this Peruvian railroad was built across the western and central Cordilleras to Oroya, 12,178 feet above sea level, and a distance of 136 miles. Then came the job of threading it through the intricate gorges of the Andes, along edges of precipices and over deep chasms.

The small army of workmen had to tunnel through the Andes at a height of 15,645 feet, build sixty-two other tunnels, and a bridge resting on three piers made of hollow wrought iron which spanned a chasm 530 feet wide. Gradients were $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the mountains 5 per cent. There were twenty-one zig-zags.

Henry Meiggs designed, inspired and directed all these works, undertaken in the tropical heat of the valleys and the bitter cold of the snow-capped mountains.

He allowed himself to be called by his real name there, thinking probably that time had blown the cobwebs of suspicion away.

His courage and skill hit the Peruvian headlines, and was the talk of everyone in Peru. Nor had Chile forgotten him. The uncrowned king of two countries went back occasionally to Santiago, enriched and well loved.

It is axiomatic that men, like leopards, do not change their spots. Still the 'Frisco fugitive could not resist his natural tendency towards extravagance and recklessness. He lived like a prince, and was generous to a remarkable degree, with a particular penchant for those down and out, as he had been. Many a poor man, woman and child owed much to his generosity.

Henry Meiggs made life a gamble right to his end. He made more and yet more money—and spent it. Continually he was in and out of financial difficulties. He died obscurely, away from his native country, with a packed life behind him, and no recriminations. There were no "if onlys" about him.

Apart from his two great constructional railway works, Henry Meiggs

did not pass forever from the human scene without some permanent memorials to him.

Towering above his Central Peruvian Railway is a snow-capped peak, over 19,000 feet above the surface of the rolling Pacific. It stands behind the town of Tielio, and is called "Monte Meiggs." It will remain so named until the crack of doom.

"Monte Meiggs" is symbolic of the man. It rises high above the valleys below, a tower of strength, unperturbed by descending snows, or surrounding earthquakes.

The other memorial to this extraordinary American has been inscribed by a Chilean writer named Vicuna Mackenna, who wrote of Don Enrique: "He was a typical Yankee, capable of any daring, of any generosity, of any abnegation, in his hunt for work and fortune."





ATHOL YEOMANS

Men were slaughtered by the Indians
and women were used as playthings.

THEY found Wilmer Eskridge lying naked on the trail to White River Agency, his head blown to pieces by an Indian rifle shot from behind. The soldiers who came on him on that lonely Colorado road in 1879 buried him roughly and rode on to the desolation they knew was in front of them — a scene of Indian treachery and massacre that was nearly the last of the wars against

settlers in the lonely United States frontier outposts.

White River, a few huddled buildings which on September 29 were smoking ruins, was the Government headquarters in a big Indian reservation which provided living space for the Indians driven off their hunting grounds by the spreading white settlers.

Mr. Meeker, the Government Agent,

was trying to induce the rough Sioux and Utes to settle peacefully and to hunt and till the land. He had little success. The Indians hated the upright paleface, because he believed in hard work; the tribes could see no reason for a white to tell them how to live their lives.

Meeker, determined to teach them agriculture, set his men to ploughing some ground. The chiefs from three tribes with headquarters round the station told him to stop . . . and stood ready with their warriors huddled round the ploughmen.

Later, under his own roof, Meeker had a row with one of the Indians who had half-heartedly tried farming. The savage beat up the white and threw him into the yard.

The position was threatening, so Meeker sent a telegram to Washington asking for army protection. A strong force set out at once from a fort down the Snake River.

The news leaked out and travelled through the dense mountains along the grape vine back to the tribes. They indignantly accosted Meeker. No matter what the whites said, they told him, no soldiers were to come into their land. Meeker stalled for time, for there was no sign or suggestion of immediate treachery.

On September 27 Major Thornborough arrived at the edge of the reservation, 50 miles away. He sent a message by fast courier down the densely wooded trail to Meeker, with the news that a party of Indians had stopped them and demanded that only Thornborough and four others should venture farther. What should he do?

The message reached Meeker safely, but meanwhile Thornborough moved his detachment up another 25 miles. The Indians smelled treachery,

although no treachery was intended.

On September 29 Meeker sent Wilmer Eskridge up-stream with a message to Thornborough. He had reconsidered his decision and told Thornborough to camp his army and come on with a few of his officers.

A few miles away from White River, Eskridge's two Indian escorts shot him through the head and turned back.

Then, as the army rode on slowly through an overhanging canyon 25 miles away, the Indians swept down at the attack from the surrounding cliffs. A hail of bullets and arrows swept into the soldiers before they had time to drop for cover behind hastily thrown up barricades.

In a closely-formed circle the soldiers fought off the attack, digging trenches as they did so. Then the Indians fired the dry grass and brush, and the flames roared through the ranks of the defenders.

They fought out the flames without losing a man, beating the fire with coats and blankets. When the smoke had cleared they saw that the brush was burnt clear and that the savages could no longer ride in close under cover. It saved their lives for the soldiers dug in and hung on until relief came.

Major Thornborough had fallen in the first onslaught, along with thirteen of his men. Captain Payne took over and prepared for a long siege.

The news of the ambush was carried down Milk Creek by Indian messengers to the waiting tribes. When it was received they stealthily prepared for the massacre, while the unsuspecting Meeker thought his messenger was on his way to meet the oncoming soldiers.

In the afternoon, all was normal round the settlement. Mrs. Meeker,

WHY IS IT THAT . . .

When women walk along a floor,
They shake the place from door to door?
And when walking along the street
They're heavy enough for a Navy Fleet?
While men, much heavier in frame,
Make little or no noise on the same.
When women run, they lock their knees —
(To go forward, if you please!)
They move their feet in circular motion.
Why? I haven't a notion.
The elbow is held against the side;
The forearm swings in and out like the tide.
Why don't they swing the arm forward and back?
They just don't seem to have the knack.
Women certainly are funny cattle;
Yet, because of them, men go to battle.
Life definitely does not make sense;
Perhaps it's the men who are so dense!

— RAY-ME

her daughter Josie and Mrs. Price were working round the house. Mrs. Price's husband and two labourers were roofing a new building. Meeker and Post were in the storehouse.

From out of the scrub near the river strolled the two Indians who had murdered Meeker's messenger.

Towards the settlement they were joined by twenty or so armed warriors, and together they crept up on the peaceful buildings. In a second all was confusion.

Thompson fell dead from the roof of the new building, a bullet through the brain. Price was slain before he could move and Dresser, working on the ground, ran with a wounded leg for the shelter of Meeker's house.

Inside, Mrs. Price grabbed up her child and handed a rifle to Dresser as he limped in the door. He saw something moving at the window and

fired point-blank. He fatally wounded a Chief's brother and it aroused the savages to frenzy.

One by one, the whites working round the settlement were dragged out and slain. The buildings were looted and fired.

In the confusion, while the Indians were sacking their house, Frank Dresser, Mrs. Meeker, her daughter, and Mrs. Price, decided to run. They crept out and were halfway through a ploughed paddock before they were spotted. They ran for their lives with bullets whistling past them. Dresser got away, but the Indians rounded up the three women and dragged them back to the centre of the station.

"You're going to burn me," sobbed Mrs. Meeker.

"No burn white squaw," grunted the Indian. There was no mistaking

the other suggestion in his voice. "Heap like them."

Each woman had a captor, according to native practice. Mrs. Price was held by Ahu-u-tu-pu-wit, whose savage expression squashed any humour about his name. Mrs. Meeker's pretty daughter was held by Persune, a young Ute.

The blood-satiated tribe moved away twelve miles into the safety of the bush. Later, after hours of drinking, they claimed their prizes. The captors retired and took the white women as squaws. Mrs. Meeker fared worst of all. She was shared with Johnson, the Indian who had farmed near Meeker's home.

Washington, by Meeker's silence and through the grapevine, soon learned of the disaster. A relieving detachment was dispatched. Her commander, Colonel Merrit, found the original squad, besieged and 13 men less, but still holding out on the trail to White River. The reinforcements quickly routed the tribe.

The soldiers urged the long string of clattering cavalry horses along the silent road. Carl Goldstein, a supply carrier, was found six miles away from White River, shot through the head and thrown down a gulch. A hundred yards away lay the naked and mutilated body of his offsider.

Farther on, in a cave by the side of the road, they found a fugitive from the station. He had been shot, had fled, stumbled on Eskridge's body and taken the message, and pressed on until he found a cave. There, too weak to go any farther, he had died of his wounds.

Messenger Eskridge was next. He lay shot through the head, naked, on the dusty trail.

The station was a miserable scene

of desolation, heavy with the smell of death. Wreckage and discarded plunder lay strewn through the ashes of the smoking buildings.

Washington was horrified. A Special Agent, General Charles Adams, risked his life by venturing deep into the Indian reservation with an escort of 15 Utes . . . who were just as likely to turn on him themselves. He found the fugitive Indian camp and after repeated demands secured the release of the white women on October 21.

The murderers were never caught, and the whites never forgave the tribes of the reservation.



the man who came to DINNER



PETER HARGRAVES

Alexander Woollcott, critic, actor, writer, lecturer, radio commentator and wit, was the most hated man in America.

FOR 25 years after World War I, few people in America who knew Alexander Woollcott would have disagreed that he was the nation's most unpleasant celebrity.

Famous as a critic, writer, actor, lecturer, radio commentator and wit, and the original of the well-known play and film, "The Man Who Came To Dinner," his influence on public literary and theatrical taste was enormous.

Yet, everyone he met hated him as

a vulgar, selfish exhibitionist, who courted publicity so fanatically that he cheerfully violated all social decencies.

Of him it was said that if he was found murdered the police could hold at least 2000 people as suspects.

Woollcott's blistering insults to both men and women were notorious. "Hullo, repulsive," was one of his favourite greetings. He could tell a titled Englishwoman, famous for her political activities, that she was "a

superb example of what energy and no brains can do for you."

When he got tired of a person's company, he did not hesitate to inform him: "I find you are beginning to disgust me. How about getting the hell out of here?"

No insult was too rude or too foul for him. He could electrify a party by loudly proclaiming that his companion, "Lady Brainless," had the "mentality of an orang-utan." Or that "Mrs. Emptyhead," over there, had "a skull full of popcorn soaked in gravy."

It was common for him to arrive at a function and remark: "I see all the riffraff of New York is here to-night." Or to direct a member of a theatre audience to "suck up his guts" as he struggled past him to his seat.

Basically, the character of Alexander Woollcott was created in boyhood. Born in Red Bank, New Jersey, in 1887, his passion for self-dramatisation was evident as a child.

Frail, sickly and lonely, he was chiefly notable in the neighbourhood for the "unbearably doleful cry" he could set up until pacified with coins.

At 13, an attack of mumps transformed him into a waddling, near-sighted fatboy, the fore-runner of the obese monstrosity his own herculean gluttony later made him.

Woollcott's father was a ne'er-do-well—at various times a lawyer, accountant, broker and clerk—with the habit of going to bed for months at a time (two years on one occasion) when the trials of the world got too much for him.

A talent for stock-exchange speculation kept his family from starving, and also enabled his son to be sent to the small but important Hamilton

College in up-state New York in 1905.

After he graduated in 1909, Woollcott entered journalism on the staff of the New York Times at a salary of ten dollars a week. His brilliant writing soon earned his elevation to dramatic critic, in which capacity, at 25, he was earning the unprecedented figure of 30,000 dollars a year.

Known as the "most insulting and insulted man on Broadway," his reviews, in a succession of papers, were "salty and ruthless." Both actors and producers hated him, but they had to heed him.

In 1917 Woollcott threw up his career, enlisted in the American Expeditionary Force and sailed for France as a private in the Medical Corps. Six months later, when a sergeant at a base hospital at Savenay, he was transferred to the newly-founded army paper, "Stars and Stripes," as a war correspondent.

Back in New York in 1919, Alexander Woollcott resumed the role of dramatic critic on the "World," and came to full bloom as something quite unique in the American scene.

Despite the insults and humiliations he heaped upon people, Woollcott never lacked company. His New York apartment and country house on an island in a Vermont Lake were always thronged with a brilliant array of famous names in literature and the theatre.

If he ever found himself alone, he despatched a sheaf of urgent messages and telegrams, summoning people to his presence with the imperious command: "Woollcott awaits. Come!"

When his birthday approached, Woollcott invariably sent out a stereotyped letter to hundreds of his acquaintances and people for whom

IN 1832 in Carlisle, Joseph Thompson offered his wife for sale. Standing on the platform he said: "Gentlemen, may God deliver us from troublesome wives. Avoid them as you would the plague." Having thus delivered his speech, he asked for 50 shillings for her. However he had to settle for 20/- and a Newfoundland dog.

he could perform a favour.

"Another milestone in American literature is approaching," it read. "January 19 is my birthday, and I assume you will express the wave of sentiment you feel in gifts of cash or certified cheques."

For all that a few stalwarts remained his friends. One was the celebrated humorist, Dorothy Parker, despite the delight he took in embarrassing her.

On one occasion, her husband, Alan Campbell, made the mistake of giving Woolcott's name as a reference when applying for a charge account at a famous New York store.

Woolcott had no compunction in writing to the store:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Alan Campbell, the present husband of Dorothy Parker, has given my name as a reference in his attempt to open an account at your store. I hope you will extend this credit to him.

"Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make shameful the petty refusals which she and Alan have encour-

tered at many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand your share of the expense?"

Alexander Woolcott had a passion for gambling. Most of the hero-worshippers who surrounded him were inveigled into high-stake games of cribbage, poker, anagrams and croquet, the last being his sole form of physical exercise.

Naturally Woolcott hated to lose. He always solemnly warned all before play commenced: "My doctor forbids me to play unless I win."

For money, Woolcott had a rapacious greed. Harpo Marx once called him, "Just a big dreamer with a sense of double entry."

Yet, when he lost 200,000 dollars in the 1929 stock market crash, he could quip: "A broker is a man who runs your fortune into a shoestring."

In 1928, Alexander Woolcott threw up his job as dramatic critic and entered upon an even more successful phase of his career.

During the next 15 or so years, he was to be, often simultaneously, a star on the stage, screen, radio and lecture platform, and a writer of books, plays, magazine articles and advertising copy.

All were so profitable that his income thereafter never dropped below 100,000 dollars a year and frequently reached a quarter of a million dollars.

Woolcott's entry into the theatre as a performer occurred when Moss Hart and George Kaufman wrote the play, "The Man Who Came To Dinner." The principal role, that of the poisonous and hated dramatic critic, Sheridan Whiteside, was, everyone knew, a portrait of Woolcott.

But, instead of talking about a label suit, he begged the authors to be allowed to portray himself on the stage. With misgiving, they agreed, and his performance became the talk of the town.

After his success in "The Man Who Came To Dinner," Woolcott received invitations to appear in other plays and in films. Invariably he stole the show. He was bitterly disappointed when Monty Woolley was chosen instead of himself to play Sheridan Whiteside on the screen.

As a lecturer he soon became the highest paid in the country, despite his practice of being deliberately rude to anyone foolish enough to ask him a question, and to the unfortunate hero-worshippers who crowded round him when he had finished.

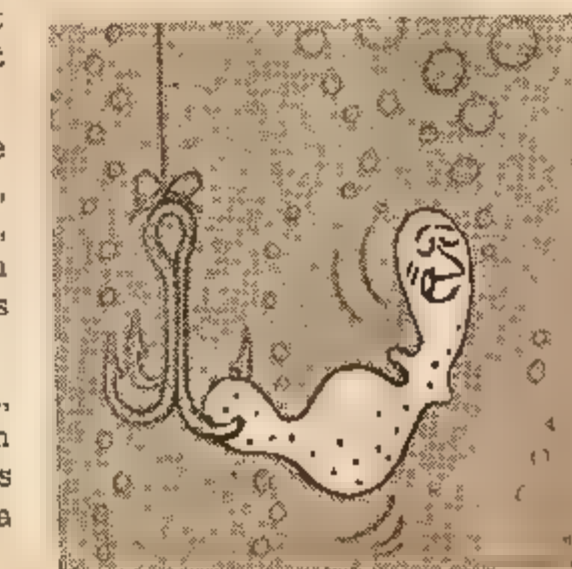
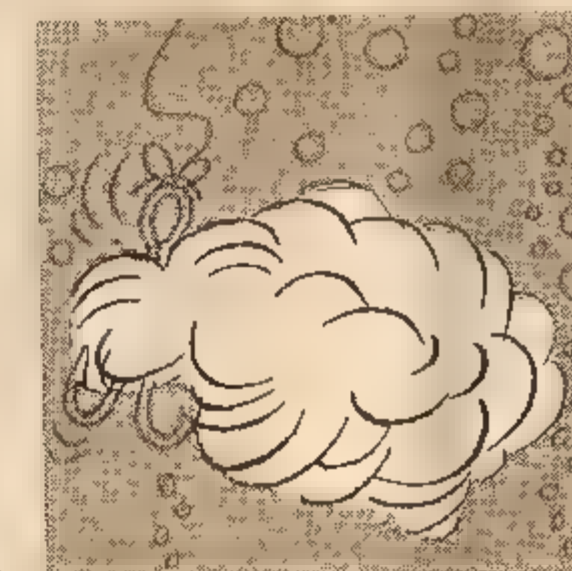
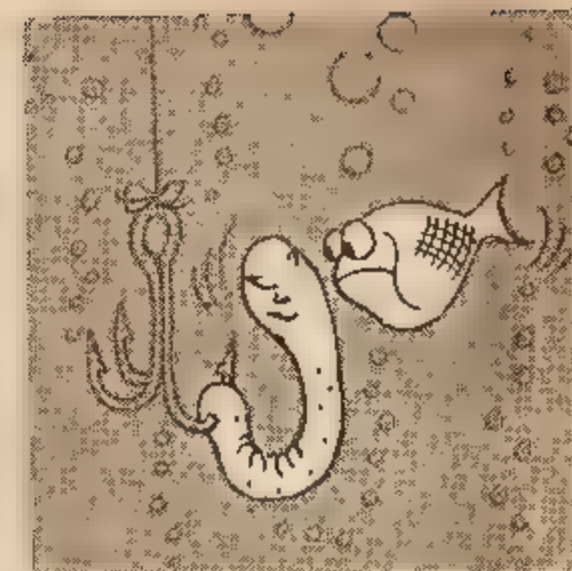
One of these unfortunates once recalled to him: "When you were a kid in New Jersey I used to ride on your sled."

Woolcott looked him up and down and snarled: "I never owned a sled—and if I did you couldn't buy a ride."

As a book reviewer on the radio, Alexander Woolcott could make or break a new volume overnight. It is said that James Hilton's "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," was "kicking around the remnant counter" when Woolcott took a liking to it and boosted it into an all-time best-seller.

His own books, particularly the anthologies of his magazine articles, "When Rome Burns" and "Long, Long Ago," were all successful, each selling many hundreds of thousands of copies.

When Alexander Woolcott died, following a heart attack in 1943, even his many enemies agreed that he was probably a genius—but definitely a psychopathic one.



The End of Arguments



Do 2 and 2 always make 4?

Two and two do not always make four. Two quarts of water and two quarts of alcohol mixed make a lot less than a four-quart mixture. It is a fact. The amount of space which molecules of a liquid will occupy, depends on the tightness with which they are packed together within the liquid. When liquids whose intermolecular forces are of different strength are mixed, the molecules of the more tightly packed variety tend to fit into the spaces between the loosely packed molecules of the other liquid. The result is similar to combining a bucket of marbles and a bucket of oranges.

What is the surface area of the Earth?

The Earth is quite a big place. Its surface area is 197 million square miles. Its core is composed mainly of iron-nickel; it weighs 65,950,000,000,000 tons; its surface is 71 per cent water and 29 per cent land; its highest point is Mount Everest, which has been listed as 29,002 feet and 29,140 feet (nobody is sure which is correct). The deepest point is the Mariana Deep, which goes down 35,640 feet; it is approximately 25,000 miles in circumference, which means that it spins at the rate of 1038 miles per hour. (It takes 24 hours to spin right round on

its axis.) On its journey around the sun, it moves forward at the rate of $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second

What animal can beat a wildcat?

There is no animal in the world which can beat a wildcat at the same weight. Hence the expression "he can fight like a wildcat" means he is unbeatable in his weight division. The wildcat is, by nature, cautious, and will often run from trouble, but he is no coward. They live on small game, rabbits and such like, but, if the mood moves them, they will attack and kill large animals like 200 pound deer.

Where are the fastest trains?

The fastest trains in the world operate in France—from Paris to the Riviera. From Paris to Dijon, a distance of 195 miles, they average 77 miles per hour. From Dijon to Lyon, a distance of 124 miles, the average drops to 75 m.p.h., while the 679 miles from Paris to Nice is covered at an average speed of 66 m.p.h. The highest speed ever attained on rails was 127.06 in 1905 by the Pennsylvania Special. The distance travelled to average this speed was only three miles. Such speeds are not allowed today because of safety measures. So if you want to get there quicker, take a plane.



A Los Angeles businessman, Rollin Murphy, took up hypnotism for fun. He decided to try his mesmeric powers on Louise de Carlo, sloe-eyed, languorous Hollywood starlet. In this scene he is dangling a spinning sphere in front of her eyes and murmuring soft, soothing, soporific syllables. Louise seems suspicious as she stares at the shining spheroid.

hypnotic influence

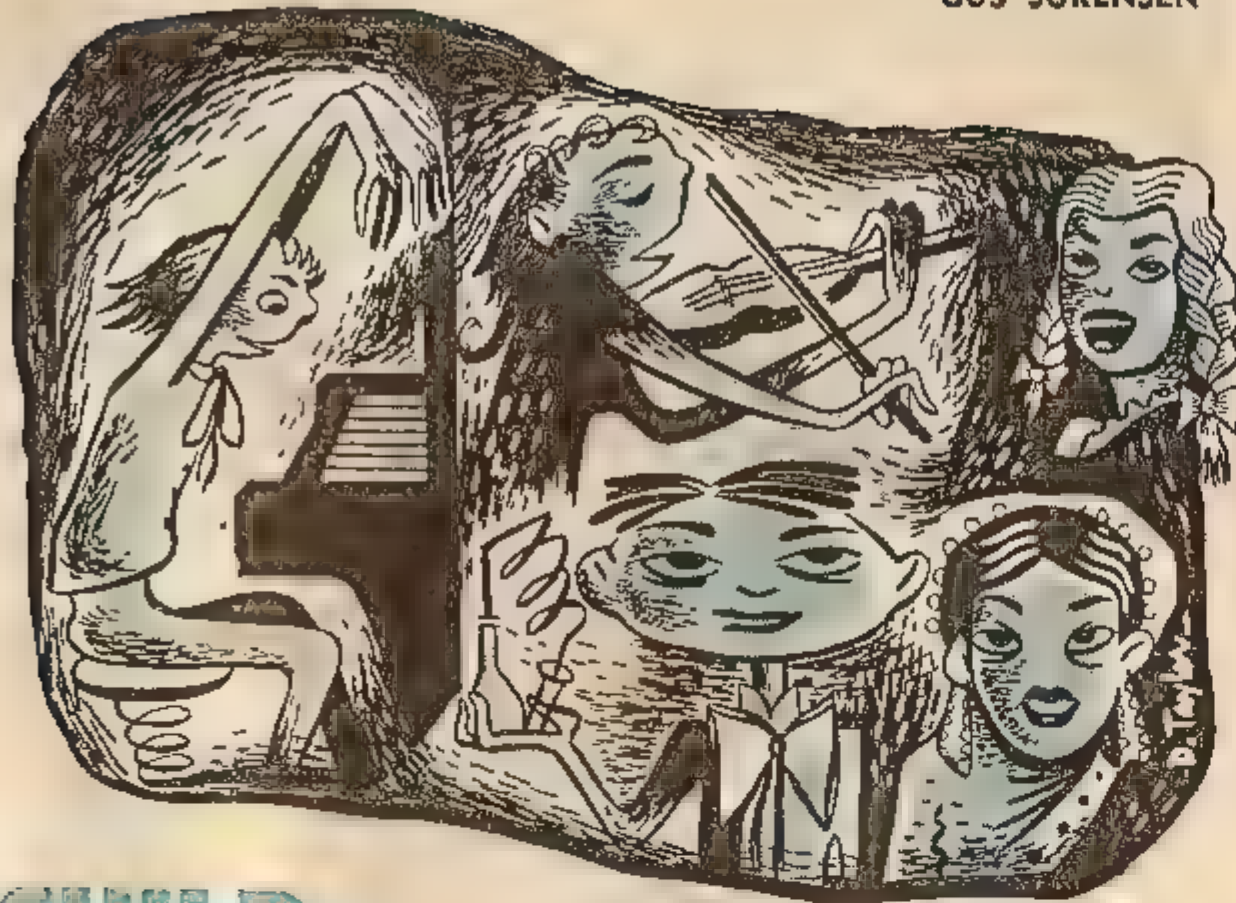




The scene has changed. Rollin was not very successful in his experiment, so Louise moved over, told Rollin to lie back and relax, while she tried her hand at hypnotism. Rollin looks uneasy as he gazes at the glittering globe. We would be uneasy, too, if our attention was held by any object other than the girl.



hypnotise us any time she likes. But, please, Louis, do not make us seem less than our age. We want to be able to appreciate the company. Louise can sing and dance as well as look decorative.



CHILD

prodigies

Child prodigies are freaks of nature. Some have talents above those of adults. They exist in many fields—music, chess, mathematics and science.

THE Italian call them *prodigiosi*. The German name is *wunderkinder* and in English they both cancel out to mean prodigies. Any dictionary will elaborate on the word and you'll probably get something like this: a wonder, a marvel, a gifted person who astounds and gains notoriety by exceptional talents and abilities.

The Germans are particularly proud of their *wunderkinder*, and well they might, for in the art of music and musicianship there doesn't

seem to be any other country who has equalled their brain moppets' gifts in this field. Mozart at three was taking lessons on the harpsicord, at four was writing minuets and four years from then was touring the principal cities of Europe giving organ, harpsicord and singing recitals. Richard Strauss wrote a polka and a song when he was six. Beethoven performed in public when he was eight and his composed works were published when he was a tender ten. Schumann, Hummel, Mendelssohn were compos-

ing before they were twelve years old.

With both parents operatic vocalists, the Madrid born Adelina Patti must have bawled coloratura cadenzas in her bassinette. Patti started her public career at the age of seven in the concert halls of New York and at sixteen made her first operatic appearance as Lucia. Two years later she appeared at Covent Garden where she sang Amina in "La Sonambula." From there her performances in Paris, Italy and all the principal musical centres of the world constituted one long unbroken succession of triumphs.

Prodigies may be few and far between but they don't only follow a musical course. Peter Mark Roget was a scientific prodigy who at twelve was teaching himself advanced mathematics, at fourteen entered Edinburgh University and was an M.D. at nineteen. When he wasn't lecturing on anatomy or prescribing for the members of the Spanish Embassy he found time to invent a pocket chess board, a slide rule and for the Britannica, he contributed articles on arsenic, electricity, phrenology and geometry. He also dabbled in astrology, geology and botany.

He commenced by listing words in the same way that botanists list plants and their families. Each word was followed by a series of synonyms, comparisons and colloquialisms. Before he died in 1869, Roget had edited twenty-eight editions of his Thesaurus, which, when it first hit the stands in 1852 was reviewed as curious and not likely to prove useful. It has now been published for the hundredth time and is still in demand by scholars, lecturers, letter writers and crossword puzzle fans.

William Wotton was an English scholar of outstanding precocity. He entered Cambridge in his twelfth

year, took his B.A. a year later, was a master of twelve languages and became a Fellow of St. John's at nineteen. As an author Wotton is noted for his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Literature."

Shakuntala Devi is a numbers prodigy who has recently amazed a party of professors and mathematicians in America with an effortless demonstration of subtraction, multiplication and cancelling of cube roots with lightning alacrity. Now twenty, Shakuntala was only five when her figures ability was realised in her native Bangalore, India.

"Pet Marjory" was the name Sir Walter Scott gave a little Scotch lass, Marjory Fleming. Born in Kirkcaldy in 1803, Marjory was only eight when she died but during her short life she wrote verse and kept a diary which was published and shows a remarkable maturity of observation and perception.

At six, Polish Samuel Reshevsky was giving his father an extra rook at chess and beating him easily. Sammy migrated to the States when he was nine and had no trouble demolishing a platoon of army officers in simultaneous play at West Point. He never attended school till he was eleven but six months of tutoring brought Reshevsky up to high school level and he went on to graduate from the University of Chicago.

Sammy thinks nothing of taking on seventy-five opponents at once, keeps his mental fingers well whittled with rapid transit chess, that is, a move every ten seconds, and at the drop of a suggestion will take you on blindfolded. The dapper, shiny-domed Reshevsky is now forty and well established among the dozen world's grand masters of the chess board.

Crime Capsules



DYNAMITE

The most famous riot in U.S. history occurred on May 4, 1886, in Chicago at a labor meeting. The explosion of a dynamite bomb started the riot, which resulted in 20 people being killed and about 250 being injured. Seven people were convicted of being implicated. Of the seven, four were hanged, one committed suicide in gaol and two were sentenced to imprisonment for life. A 700-page book was written about this riot, which was responsible for the most bitter hatred between capital and labour. So great was that hatred that the progress of unionism was retarded for at least a decade.

WHAT'S YOURS?

Last century in Sweden identical twins were sentenced to death for murder. At the last minute, a reprieve was granted—providing the prisoners drank themselves to death. The drinks involved were tea and coffee. One twin had to drink the tea, while the other had to down the coffee. The idea was to test which of the two drinks would kill a man first. When the twins reached 83, the tea-drinker died, so now the Swedes drink more coffee than tea.

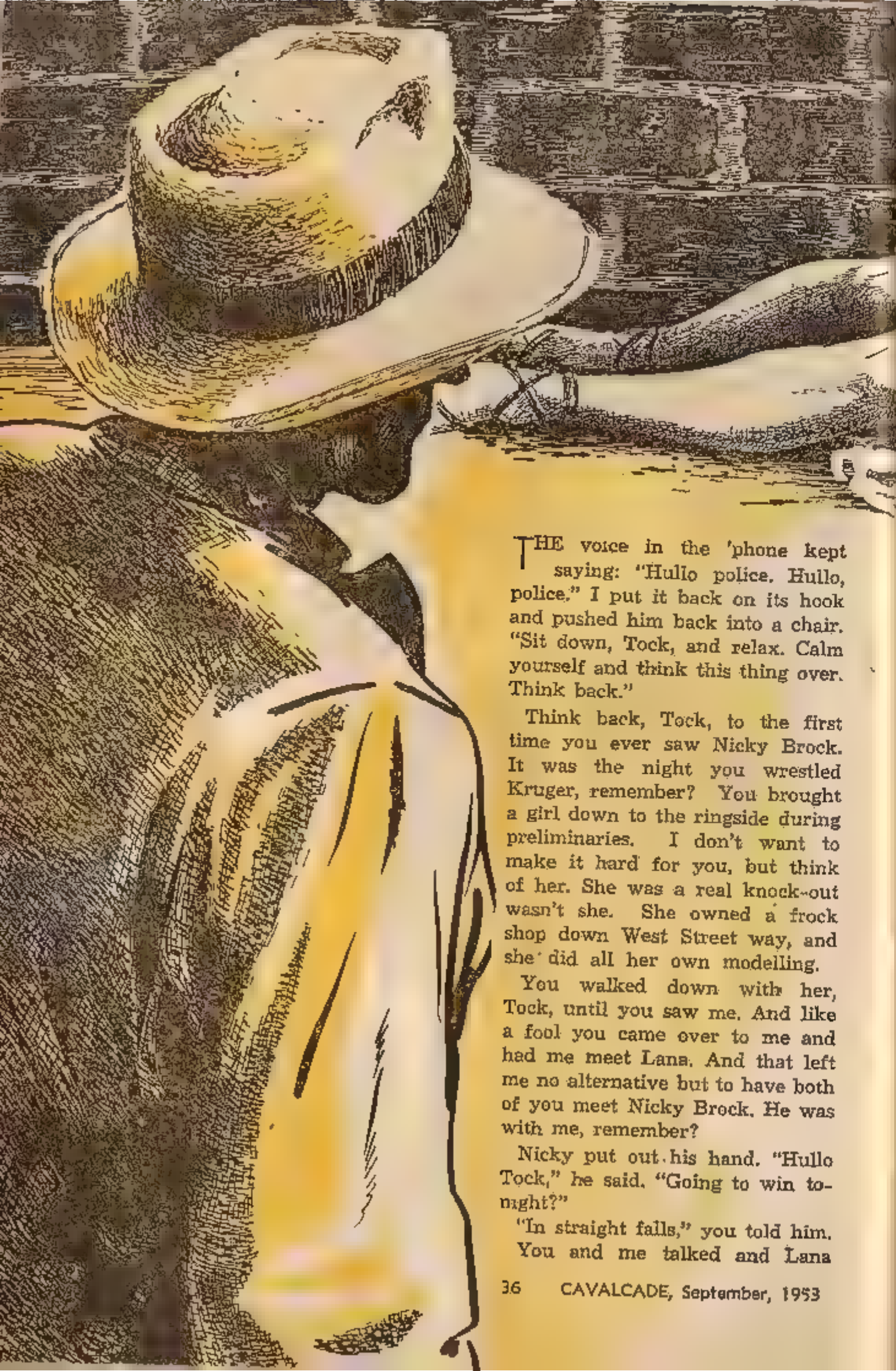
HOPPING MAD

Always there have been con men, but a stunt pulled in Philadelphia in 1906 takes some beating. A press agent of the Arch Street Museum made announcements every day in the papers that the Museum was trying to get a most ferocious animal, which he called the Jersey Devil. After some weeks, the agent announced that the Museum had captured the beast. Thousands flocked to see it in its cage. The Devil was a kangaroo painted with green stripes, yellow whiskers and equipped with wings, stuck on for the purpose. Standing behind a curtain was a man who prodded the 'roo, so that it uttered shrieks and danced madly.

PARDON ME

During the early years of this century, the Governor of Kansas went on an inspection tour of gaols. Occupying a cell in one gaol was a man who had served eight years of a life sentence. On the wall of the cell was a painting of the prisoner's father. This impressed the Governor, because the man was doing time for killing his father. The Governor reasoned that no man with a guilty conscience would have a portrait of his victim hanging in his view during every wakeful minute, so he concluded the prisoner must be innocent. He gave him a full pardon.





THE voice in the 'phone kept saying: "Hullo police. Hullo, police." I put it back on its hook and pushed him back into a chair. "Sit down, Tock, and relax. Calm yourself and think this thing over. Think back."

Think back, Tock, to the first time you ever saw Nicky Brock. It was the night you wrestled Kruger, remember? You brought a girl down to the ringside during preliminaries. I don't want to make it hard for you, but think of her. She was a real knock-out wasn't she. She owned a frock shop down West Street way, and she did all her own modelling.

You walked down with her, Tock, until you saw me. And like a fool you came over to me and had me meet Lana. And that left me no alternative but to have both of you meet Nicky Brock. He was with me, remember?

Nicky put out his hand. "Hullo Tock," he said. "Going to win to-night?"

"In straight falls," you told him. You and me talked and Lana



HIRT.
ANDS

and Nicky talked. They made a bet, remember? Nicky bet you'd lose that night.

After a while you went on down to the ringside with her and showed her to a seat. And Nicky watched her go with his head cocked on the side. Then he looked at me and he said: "Luke. There's a girl I'm going to get."

Just like that, Tock. Just like that you lost your Lana. I knew you'd lose her right then, because I knew Nicky Brock. What Nicky said he'd get, he got. One look at his eyes and they were sold, or that's what they thought. The trouble was, Nicky Brock never ever bought them—he just took a loan of them.

Well you won that night and Nicky lost his bet. He walked down there to her when you'd

WAL WATKINS • FICTION

NICKY DID NOT BUY. HE ONLY WANTED TO SUIT HIS OWN ENDS SO, IF TOCK DID MURDER NICKY, WASN'T THAT KILLING JUSTIFIED?

NICKY DIDN'T BUY

THE POINT OF VIEW

"What could be more sad,"
Said the teacher, Miss Brad,
"Than a man without a
country?"

Replied a winsome lass,
At the back of the class:
"A country without a man."

—RAY-ME.

taken the last fall. "Sorry, I haven't got the dough right now. I'll call and pay you," he said. "Is that okay?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Nicky." Then she gave him the address of the frock shop and told him she lived at the back. "Any time, Nicky," she said.

The night after you'd beaten Kruger, he called on Lana to pay his debt. He knocked on the door and Lana ceased her parade in a late fashion evening gown and let him in.

"Well," she said. "Pay up."

He smiled and she waved her hand at him. "Skip it and sit down."

He sat down and she walked in front of him with enough sway to show off the gown. "How's this one, Nicky?"

He cocked his head on one side. "Come closer, Lana."

She came closer.

"Turn around now—slow."

She turned and faced him again.

"Nice," he said. "But try something flimsier—it suits you better."

Lana looked down at him. Nicky

stood up and smiled at her. He reached out and put his hands on her bare arms.

They spent a nice evening that night. Had a few drinks and got to know each other. You were home resting up that night, Tock.

"How's this one?" Lana asked him the next night.

"Closer," said Nicky. "It's nice, but I won't buy."

Nicky smiled at her and she lost her poise.

It was a week before you got around to see her, Tock. She said she was sick and couldn't go out with you, remember? Nicky had been to see her several times by then. Nicky still hadn't bought I don't reckon, even though the last time had been a bathing suit. You believed her when she said she was sick, didn't you Tock? And why not? She looked it. Her eyes were kind of bright weren't they? Her hands were shaking when you took them in yours. You wanted to call a doctor, but she wouldn't let you. She didn't want a doctor, she said. And neither she did. She wanted Nicky Brock.

She got him, that night again. She walked in front of him in a late fashion negligee. But Nicky still didn't buy.

He stayed late with her that night. He fed her more of his poison. You know his poison, Tock. I told you he dealt in illegal stuff. Dope. He had it in several forms, but he gave Lana hers through cigarettes. She cried like a baby when he left her that night.

You called on her before you went down to the gym the next day, and she told you she was going away to the country for a break. You were pleased about that, because you reckoned she needed a rest.

She didn't go. She just told you that to keep you away. She didn't want you, Tock. She only wanted Nicky.

Do you know when she finally got him; the night that you wrestled Maeger.

Nicky smiled at her and she came to him that night. Nicky backed away from her and shook his head. "It's not quite flimsy enough, baby. Try something else."

She turned and ran into the next room. She shut the door. Nicky lit a cigarette and waited. A minute passed and she came out again. She came to Nicky and she cried. And Nicky said. "Yes. I'll buy that one."

He never came to the club to tell me what it was he'd bought, Tock, but you can guess.

You went to see Lana the next day, thinking she might be back from the country. The manageress of the shop told you she'd left the previous night. You were a bit mystified and began enquiring. West Street knew quite a lot, didn't it? You learned that she'd gone off with a bloke named Nicky Brock.

You came to see me to find Nicky's whereabouts. You were all for going after him and taking him apart. But I talked you out of that and you went home and hit grog for a solid month.

Then you got over it a bit and began to live again. You figured Lana would never come back, and you did your best to forget her.

But you were wrong there, Tock. Nearly all Nicky's women come back, sooner or later. When he'd done with the loan, they came back.

Lana did. Two years later. They dug her address from the few things she had on her, and they brought her down to the frock shop for identification. Identification wasn't easy was it, Tock? She'd changed a lot.

You went down there and you stood over what was left of her. "Yes," you said. "That was Lana."

That was her that they found in the alley across in that gloomy area of underground dens. Her frock was just rags that time, Tock. And Nicky hadn't bought after all.

Nicky Brock was hard to find, Tock. But the way you did it made it easier. You came into my office here on the ninth floor tonight and you stood over me. "Get Nicky Brock here," you said. "Get him or I'll break your back!"

I used my 'phone and I got him here, fast.

He came in that door smiling. Then he saw you and he stopped smiling.

You walked around and stood with your back to the door. "I'm going to kill you, Brock," you told him.

You started towards him and he backed off. He backed until he hit the wall near the window there. He let you come on until you were close. Then he said: "Far enough!" and tried to jerk out his gun.

Your flying tackle caught him amidships and he went down. You picked him up and shook him in mid-air. Then you just threw him out the open window there. He fell nine floors. He's lying down there now at the back of this building. He's dead. Tomorrow, they'll find him. They'll come up here and ask questions. And if they ask me, I'll tell them that Nicky Brock had an accident and fell through my window."

I stood up now and pushed the 'phone towards him. "There. You've heard all about him now. I hate his guts, and I'm not sorry he's dead." I lifted the 'phone off its hook. "Now, go ahead and confess to his killing, if you're damned fool enough."

Tock was no fool.

THE ARTIST

WHEN A MAN CAME GUNNING FOR HIM, ALF KNEW WHAT TO DO. HE FELLED THE TREE JUST RIGHT. ALF WAS AN ARTIST

It was a big tree, as solid as they come, but no different from the others we had felled that day.

Alf and I wasted no time. With the springboards in place we cut a scarf on the side the tree was to fall, the keen axes biting into the wood with precise timing. As I worked my eyes flitted to Alf, watching the smooth co-ordination of his powerful body. He was an artist, all right.

Once we started we kept going. When the scarf was deep enough I drove my axe into the trunk on the opposite side, about four inches higher than the scarf, picked up the saw and rested it on the axe head. Alf took the other handle and together we turned the teeth inwards and began to saw. The teeth bit into the soft bark, then the softwood and on into the heart of the tree. Sawdust split out each end of the deepening cut and our bodies moved backwards and forwards.

Then there was an ominous crack. We pulled out the saw and jumped from the springboards to watch it fall.

A sigh and a swish and the tree toppled. It cut a hissing path through the air and hit the ground with a jar. The dust rose noiselessly while the leaves swooped and fluttered earthwards.

Alf spat the dust from his mouth, walked a few paces to the left, and eyed the fallen tree.

Then he came back and lined the jagged butt with two casuarinas.

"A good four inches out," he said disgustedly, though I knew it was still close enough to please him.

"So what?" I said.

I hoped the irritation I felt did not appear in my voice. Nothing got under my skin more than the pride he took in his judgment. He would look around before starting on a tree, line it up with some spot like the casuarinas and nearly always put it right on the knocker. As for me, I was quite happy to see the darn thing lying there in its bed of broken tree ferns and saplings.

Alf straightened slowly and glanced at me, a smile on his lips. He took out the makings and rolled himself a cigarette. There was time for that now. Later the portable saw would rip off the branches and cut the main logs into lengths for the tractor to haul to the waiting rake.

"What's up, young feller?" he asked. "Got the willies again?"

I shrugged and picked up my axe and wedges. "Let's get on with the job," I said.

Alf laughed deeply and picked up the saw and his axe and started off up the slope. I followed.

THE people of Edinburgh are very proud of the cleanliness of their city, as an American recently discovered. The Yank was standing on a street corner waiting for a girl friend. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit the last one in the packet and casually tossed the empty packet in the gutter. A Scot, walking past, stopped, picked up the screwed-up packet and said to the American: "Is this yours?" The astonished New Yorker stammered: "Yes, why?" The local said: "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city wants it." The visitor took the empty packet and put it in his pocket.

And, walking that way, I was able to drop back and watch the smooth rippling muscles on his shoulders. They rose and fell to the slightest movements of his arms, and when he tensed they bunched across his shoulders like hardwood knots. The strength in those shoulders fascinated me. I envied him, a little resentful of his strength and skill.

There was no doubt that Alf belonged to the timber camps. Those shoulders were built to swing an axe and move in rhythm with the saw. I could remember many times when I stopped to rest my aching body and suck the cooling smoke into my lungs while he kept on sawing. And you could see the saw biting deeper with every stroke.

He was like the other men, rough, hard living, but with a heart as solid as the trees he felled, proud of his ability to do a neat job, an artist in his own right. Alf had never remarried when his wife died and now the proudest of his possessions was his twelve-year-old daughter, Ruth. He adored her and she gave him the love she would have shared with her mother.

"Still dreaming?" he said. "One more and we'll call it a day, eh?"

"I'm willing to call it a day now," I growled.

He placed his axe carefully against the base of a towering Kauri and rested the saw beside it. Then he stepped back and looked up. Following his gaze I saw the trunk narrowing away upwards to meet the branches and the sky.

"See that old stump beside the track," he said. "What about that, eh?" He smiled. "That's where she'll drop."

We had the saw cut deep enough for a couple of wedges when young Barry Gibson came panting through the bush. The bracken was so thick and tall we couldn't see him until he broke into the little clearing, but we could hear him long before that. Alf came around the spring boards and we looked down at the boy.

"It's a bloke down in Pennerton . . . lookin' for you, Alf," he gasped.

A smile parted Alf's lips. "Another one of those damned city insurance blokes. Damned if I know how they find a man out here"

The boy swallowed hard and his

eyes widened. "No Alf. It's nothin' like that. This bloke's different. He's lookin' for you an' . . . he's got a gun."

I was watching Alf's face as the boy spoke. The smile disappeared as though the sun had suddenly gone behind a cloud and he jumped down from the springboards.

"Did he say his name?" Alf's voice was hard as granite.

"No," Barry said. "But he looks as if he comes from the city. He was down at the pub boastin' about what he was goin' to do to you, Alf, and I reckon . . ."

"Dark?" Alf asked tersely.

"That's right, and . . ."

"About the same build as Ron here; a thin dark face with a bit of gold in one tooth?"

"Gee, Alf, you must have seen him. That's him all right an' Bert saw the gun in his pocket in the pub. I lit out to tell you."

Alf relaxed suddenly, like a tree that's rotten inside and just folds up. "Mattingly," he breathed, and it was so low I wasn't sure that I got the name right. But I caught the bitterness in his voice.

Suddenly he swung back to young Barry. "Ruth! Is she all right? Did he go to the hut?"

Barry nodded. "He seemed to know where to go. Went there first. But he didn't touch her. It's you he's after, Alf."

Alf's eyes left the valleys below. He took young Barry gently by the shoulders and turned him down the slope. The boy turned away, reluctantly, looking over his shoulder at intervals.

He turned slowly and looked at me, and for all he was aware I could have been one of the trees all around us. I saw the effort he made to drag

his mind back to what I had said, and caught the half whispered, "Damn the man."

"Who is he? What's he doing out here?" I asked.

Alf licked his lips and looked up so that I saw deep into his eyes. There was hate and bitterness and resignation, and a whole lot of other things all mixed up inside him and I could see it all in his eyes.

"He killed my wife," he said harshly.

"Hell!" We'd always known there was something in Alf's past he never talked about. "You mean he . . ."

He shook his head impatiently. "No, nothing like that. He turned her head with his promises and broke her heart. It went to the courts and she . . . well, she died soon after — she never could believe that it made no difference between us. They'd been after Mattingly and they pinned a three year sentence on him. He blamed me and swore to get even. Seems he meant it." Alf took a deep breath and the muscles on his shoulders rippled. "When I came out here I thought all that was in the past."

A whole lot of feeling welled up inside me but I could think of nothing to say. This was his battle and only he could work out a solution. I put my hand on his bare shoulder, still warm from the swinging of the axe, and felt the flesh twitch.

"Surely there's some way, Alf," I said.

He laughed then, and his laughter wasn't pleasant to listen to. "That's what I've always been thinkin'. I've run and dodged and made a coward of myself for years, knowing all the time there'd have to be a reckoning some day. It might as well be this day as any other."

For a moment the significance of

THE visitor from across the mountains leaned on the fence watching his friend ploughing. "You could save yourself a lot of work by saying 'gee up' and 'whoa' to that horse, instead of just tugging at those reins," he said. The ploughman mopped his brow and replied: "Yup, I know. But this son-of-a-gun kicked me six years ago and I ain't spoke to him since."

his words did not penetrate my brain. Then understanding came.

"But, man, you won't have a chance . . ."

He swung towards me, his lips straight and thin, and I could see that I was only wasting my breath. The muscles on either side of his jaw stood out sharply and his hard hands were bunched at his sides. His eyes were narrow and hard.

"All you have to do is keep out of this and mind your own damn business," he said. "You heard Barry say he's got a gun, and he's probably drunk enough now to use it. I'll settle this once and for all—my own way." He glanced at the tree we had been working on and the truth flashed through my mind like an axe blade through bark.

"You're mad, Alf!" I cried, hardly knowing what I was saying.

He took a step towards me and looked down. The muscles on the

sides of his neck worked and I shuddered. I couldn't help it.

"I tell you I'm through with all this," he said. "I'm finished. If he wants trouble, let him come and get it."

"But it's murder!"

He smiled that hard, thin smile. "You seem to forget that this is a danger area," he said softly.

I knew that nothing would shift him now, but I tried again. "He'll go away when he sobers up, Alf. That's all the trouble is."

"You haven't been through the trouble I have," he said. "Time's getting short. Better get going."

The look in Alf's eyes hurt me and my chest felt so tight I thought I would stop breathing any minute. I had never seen him like this before, with his lips drawn down at the corners and strange lines about his mouth. I liked Alf more than a lot of men I've met, in spite of the vain pride in his ability to fell a tree with mathematical precision.

As I walked away he scrambled back on to the springboards. I heard him, but didn't look back. I walked down the track until I was out of his sight, then doubled back and crawled through the undergrowth.

When I could see Alf without being seen myself I settled down, my heart pumping like mad. He picked up his axe, glanced towards the track and deepened the scarf a little. The tree trembled slightly, the topmost branches quivering as though stirred by a slight breeze.

He moved a little further along the springboards and stood looking up. I knew that I was watching an artist in his own element. He knew to an inch where that tree would fall, and he knew just how far he could take it so that one final stroke of his axe

would send it crashing earthwards. He gave the two wedges each a soft tap with the back of his axe and stood back to wait.

From where I was he looked calm, like any faller in the bush taking a spell before going on with his work. But he must have been worked up inside.

Then I heard the sound that brought Alf's head up, nostrils wide and his breath coming through slightly parted lips. The sound was still a good distance down the track, but unmistakably the swish of gum shrubs. Somebody was coming up the track.

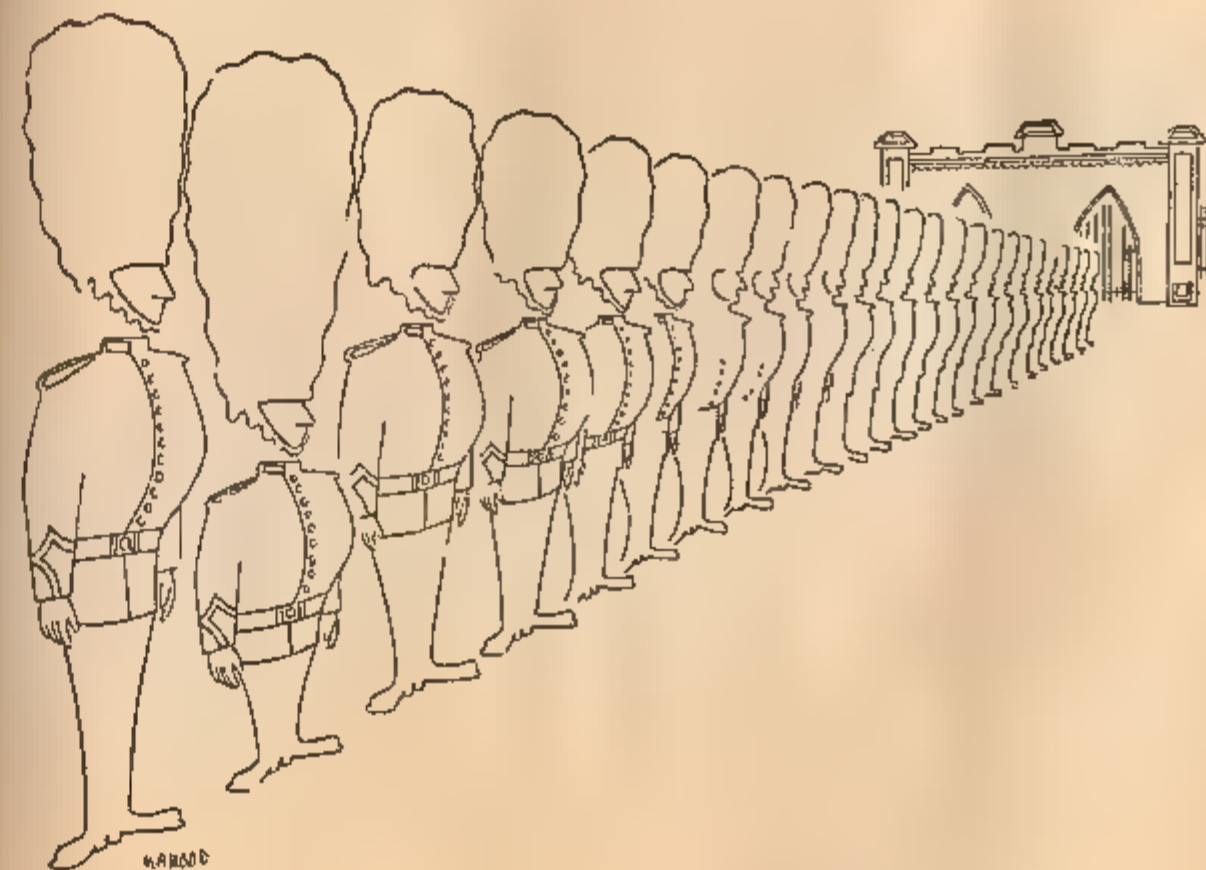
I watched fascinated as Alf relaxed again, spat on his hands and rubbed them along the smooth handle of his axe. A shout bubbled up inside me but I forced it back. A strange, tense stillness seemed to settle over

the bush and I felt I would have to shout if something did not happen. Even the birds seemed to be waiting, listening, just as Alf waited and listened, head slightly on one side.

Then a twig snapped on the track close to the clearing and he swung the axe. For a moment the sun flashed on steel, then the blade was lost deep in the scarf. It swung clear again. An underhand swing and a huge chip flew in the air. Even with the stakes so high the artist in Alf remained uppermost.

The big karri trembled from butt to tip, the branches swung as the trunk moved. Alf stepped back, watching the tree lean. His axe handle rested against the side of his leg and his narrowed eyes were turned upwards.

Once he flung a quick glance over his shoulder, then his eyes went back to the tree.



THE RIGHT APPROACH

Before you study a problem—

Or conundrum of any kind—

Be like the Judge of a law
court—

And approach it with open
mind.

This, they say, is the golden
rule—

In east, west, north and
south—

Unfortunately, fools there are
Who tackle the problem with
open mouth.

—AH-EM

High up against the clear sky the branches shook again and a sharp crack came from deep inside the tree. It leaned slowly, steadily. A split suddenly shot up through the scaly bark.

Alf lifted his axe and turned to jump. He was facing me and I saw the look of horror come to his face. I tore the bracken aside until I could see the track.

Ruth was almost at the clearing.

Even as Alf's lips moved in what I knew must be a prayer the threads of the story flashed through my mind. Mattingly would still be at the pub. Ruth, knowing this, had run to tell her father—and the tree was already on its way down, guided by the hand of an artist.

The cracking and tearing of the

strained timber increased, almost drowning the half cry, half moan that escaped from Alf's lips. He straightened, taking a deep breath, then he turned and swung his axe so that the blade bit deep into the scarf of the tree.

There was nothing I could do. I crouched there in the undergrowth, my mouth hanging open foolishly. Words bubbled from my lips and I knew that I prayed for strength for the man on the springboards.

As the tree started its final downward rush I could see that it was the job of a perfectionist, the best job Alf had ever done. But, at its base, his shoulder muscles bunched against the scaly bark and his powerful hands levering against the axe. Alf sought to undo the work he had created.

Suddenly there was a rushing roar, rising in crescendo to a shuddering crash. Silence rushed up the valley and cut the sound off while the leaves drifted and eddied on the disturbed air.

The crash of the tree snapped something inside me so that I found myself running towards the unharmed child, gathering her up in my arms and crying so that the tears ran down my cheeks and dropped in her hair.

She made to draw away, but I pressed her face almost roughly against my chest, picking her up and carrying her down the track. And the tears were still in my eyes.

I didn't look back. I didn't have to. For the first time since I had first met him a tree did not fall within six inches of where Alf said it would.

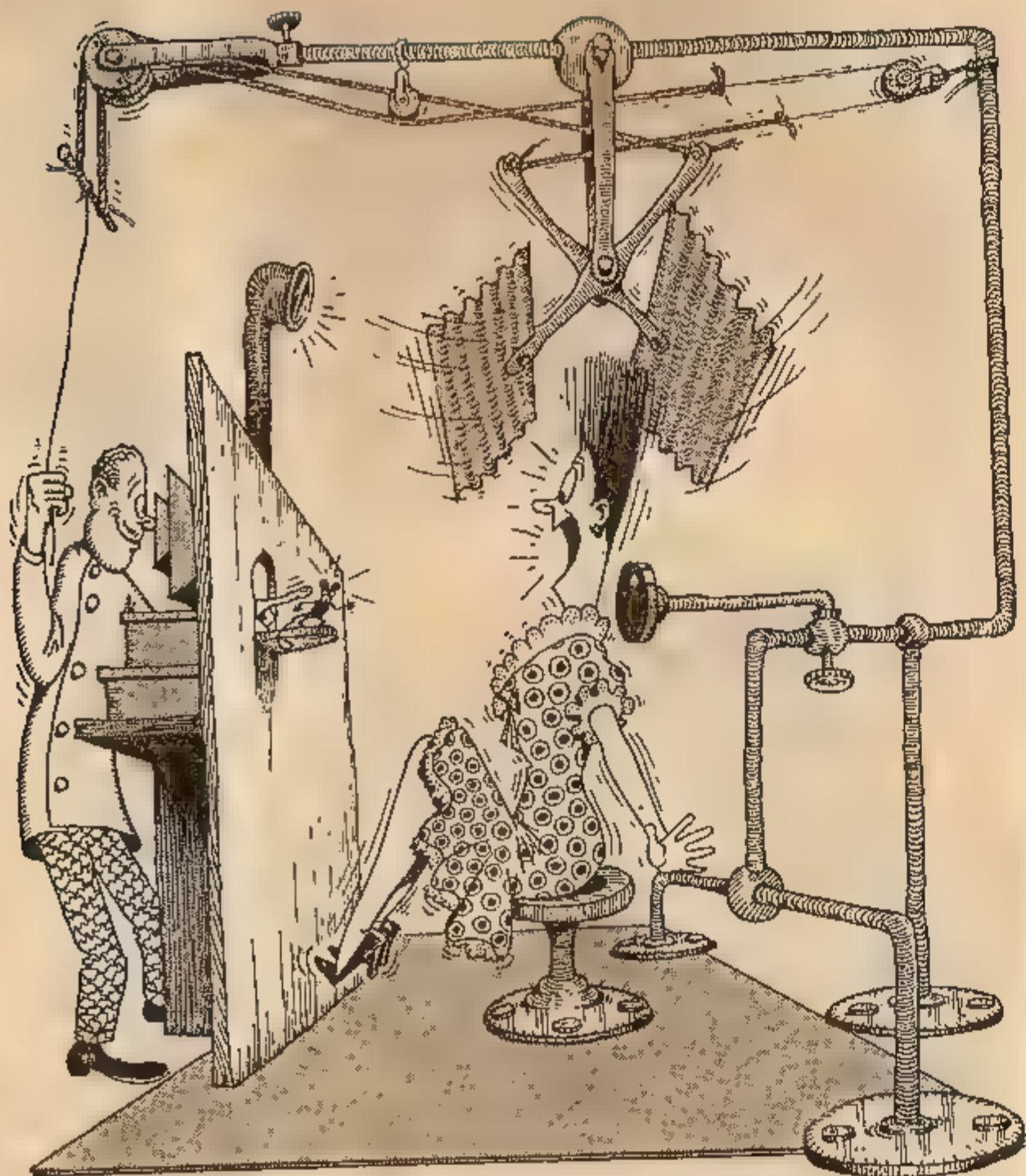
The grim pity of it was that it had to be the last tree Alf would ever fall.



"Oh, Doctor, the patient in 102 wants to know if a shot of benzedrine would get him to the Nurses' Ball to-night."

"THE PERMANENT PERMER"

— by Gibson



Client or patient is lulled into a sense of false security . . . operator releases agitator through small opening . . . this agitates the victim in such a manner as to stand crowning glory on end . . . crowning glory is then squashed between two sheets of corrugated iron, thereby imparting a very snazzy drop of wave.

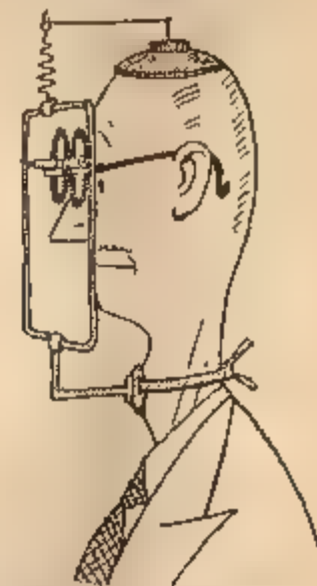
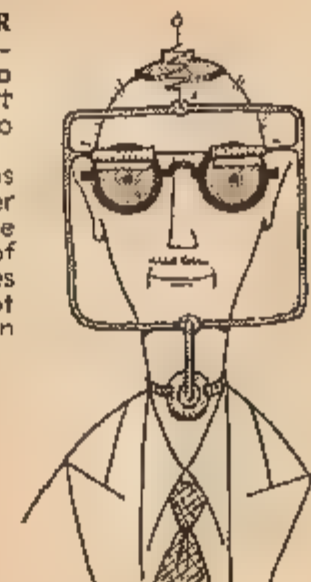
With the aid of a small piece of ribbon many and varied are the ways in which the aforesaid Crowning G. can be arranged.



"LITTLE GEM" SPECTACLE WIPER

When this smart appliance is strapped firmly to the Adam's apple a smart swallow sets machine into action.

The Adam's apple drops forward, dragging wiper over spectacle lens. The spring attached to top of head immediately wizzes it back again. It is not advisable to wear this in drinking hours.



"THE SELF LIGHTING PIPE"

No fluid!
No springs!
No flints!
No brains!
Just fill the old pipe and take a long walk in the sun and let nature take its course.
In dull weather buy a box of matches and a packet of fags. You can't have perfect on ALL the time.



STRANGER *and Stranger*



AIR-BORNE BICYCLES

In 1912 a bicycle manufacturer in France announced a contest for flying bicycles. Cash prizes were offered for distance travelled in the air and the race attracted 23 contestants. Motors were not allowed, but wings were attached to the bikes. Each participant had to pedal furiously until he managed to lift his machine off the ground. A large crowd turned up to see the contest, but not one entrant became airborne, so the contest was a flop—except for the publicity gained by the manufacturer.

JACKPOT

Certain Indian tribes in the Pacific Northwest, until late last century, had a strange custom which could be introduced everywhere to the benefit of mankind. When a chieftain became wealthy, he would hold a large feast and give away most of his possessions. If he wanted everlasting fame, he would destroy other possessions which he did not give away. One of the largest feasts was held in 1875 by the chief of the Kwakiutl tribe. He gave away presents to all his guests, then set fire to what remained—and that was plenty. He burned seven canoes, gallons of fish oil, thousands of blankets, his home and the clothes off his back. His name was Chief Throw Away.

BIBLES

Besides 40 known paper copies of the Gutenberg Bible, the first great book printed from movable metal type, there are three perfect vellum copies in existence, each being valued by collectors at £450,000. They are owned by the Library of Congress in Washington, the British Museum in London, and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The one in Washington acquired in 1930, is bound in three volumes and contains 1282 pages. Last year the U.S.A. issued a special 3-cent stamp commemorating the 500th anniversary of Gutenberg's printing achievement.

LIGHTS OUT

Now, you lime-lighting extroverts, you can just dim your brilliance a watt or two. A U.S. firm claims that it has produced the brightest light the world has yet seen. And though the device is contained in a glass-like tube no bigger than a lead-pencil, it generates about 3,000 million candle power. It will—so the inventors claim—be perfect for lighthouses, for illuminating sports arenas and for all kinds of outdoor work at night . . . neckers in Lovers' Lanes always being excepted, no doubt.



"Don't move, just stand there and let me drink you in."

with cat-like

GRACE



Swiss-born Walter Saxer is a physical culturist who embodies the grace of a cat in his teachings. He has been working for years in Hollywood, training the stars. At left he is demonstrating the corrective effects of exercise with a wand. Those lateral exercises trim the waist, girls. Above, he corrects a position of Noreen Nash, R.K.O. starlet, while Karen Booth holds a pose. And if you think that pose is easy, try it.



After exercises comes relaxation and what better example than the cat? Kitty is perfectly relaxed on the floor, while Saxer is demonstrating the best way of emulating the female feline. If a cat can look at a king, two film stars can look at a cat—and learn much from this most graceful of all animals.

pointers



to better health



VITAMIN VITALITY

Many athletes take vitamin B to give themselves added vigour. While this does stimulate the athlete, it is dangerous. Excessive use of thiamine hydrochloride, a component of vitamin B, can cause serious disturbances of circulation.

CLEARING CLOTS

There are several drugs which prevent blood clots from forming, but until recently there was no drug which dissolved clots after formation. Now medicos have manufactured a drug named trypsin, which is proving successful. Sometimes after surgery or childbirth, a patient suffers from a leg-vein ailment known as thrombo phlebitis. The leg becomes inflamed and swollen and incapable of supporting weight. There is also the further danger that a clot may break off and lodge in a lung, causing death. But, with treatment with trypsin, patients are up and about in a few days. So far the drug has not been proved against clots in the coronary arteries of the heart, but tests are being made in this direction. If successful it will lower the death rate of society's biggest killer.

TUNING IN

Dr. Adams Peylan, of Israel, has

reported that diseases can be diagnosed by listening with electronic stethoscope consisting of earphones, to human joints. The doctor says different diseases give off different sounds. The sounding end of the stethoscope is fitted with an amplifier and a microphone.

HEADLIGHT GLARE

Although the eyes can adapt themselves to glare, it takes time—time which may mean the difference between life and death through accident. When encountering a rapid increase in brightness, the pupil of the eye decreases its area by up to 80 per cent in three seconds. Its action is similar to drawing a curtain across a window. Behind this curtain the nerves of the retina have a chance to adapt themselves to the brighter light. The retina is better able to adapt itself than the pupil, which, at its smallest, is one-fourteenth its size at maximum expansion. The difference in brightness between a dark road and a headlight is much greater. Consequently, after passing the headlight, the pupil takes 30 seconds to return to normal, as against the three seconds it took to become accustomed to the bright light. That 30 seconds is the danger period.



KURT SINGER

THE SPY WHO CHANGED SIDES

Sybille Delcourt was a spy for the Nazis. When caught, she told the U.S. all they wanted to know, except—

IN the dossiers of the British Secret Service, M.I.5, the Deuxieme Bureau in Paris, the CIC in Washington and in the captured papers of the Kaltenbrunner Nazi Counter Espionage office there is the full story of a modern Rhine Maiden, a girl who lived dangerously, who gave her body, her freedom and her love in this bloody battle of spies.

Her name was Sybille Delcourt. All Western intelligence offices had her picture, and had been looking for her for years. She was a handsome young woman, not quite thirty.

A United States combat intelligence team picked her up accidentally on

the night of March 13, 1945. She gave her name as Heloise Bouconville.

Though it was 2 a.m. in the morning and Heloise was terribly tired, they put her on a jeep and drove to Fenton Moran, a former diplomat. This man, who spoke eight languages, knew more Nazi tricks and intelligence approaches than anyone else in the 207th CIC detachment. He interrogated her.

His suspicions aroused, he checked his own files. He was looking for one in particular, a folder marked "Sybille Delcourt," and this folder was far from thin. It was a heavy dossier, weighing many pounds, containing

many accusations, facts, figures and evidence against Germany's most dangerous woman spy in the combat field along the Rhine and in France, Alsace, Luxemburg and the Bulge. There was a picture of Sybille, but it was a very old one.

Sybille Delcourt was the most dangerous Lorelei the Rheinland had ever produced. More than that, Sybille was the mistress, girl friend, "liebchen" of Obersturmfuehrer of the SS Intelligence, Werner Kramer. This man, who had been decorated by the Fuehrer for his kidnapping successes, was chief of a stormtrooper network and suicide squad of enemy agents. The most important combat spy in the area.

Fenton Moran had a hunch that this captured Heloise Bouconville might be Kramer's mistress, Sybille.

For two days the CIC agents interrogated this woman. She repeated the same story over and over again and again. She had been a deported slave labourer, refugee. She hated the Nazis. They could check in Bretagne that her family still lived there. At the church there they would find her birth register. She was pro-American, why did they torture her?

They tried to bribe her with food, new clothes, promises, wine, cigarettes, but it did not work. Heloise was stubborn and finally refused to speak at all.

Then, rather by accident, she fell for the oldest trick in the world—a routine trap. Special Agent Joseph Rosen, one of the CIC men who speaks a perfect German, was disgusted with her and said, "You don't know much anyway. How could you, you are nothing but one of the cheap paid agents and stool pigeons of Werner Kramer."

Like a proud fish hurt by a har-

poon, she jumped up, flashing and angry. She yelled back, "Das ist eine gemene Luge—(That is an infamous lie). Werner Kramer—he—he loved me. . . ."

Smilingly Moran said, "Then you are Sybille Delcourt," and he took her huge file out of the desk drawer. "This is what we have on you."

He opened the dossier and read to her what the charges were and what they knew about her lover, Kramer.

Sybille Delcourt had regained her self-control. All she had to say was: "So I lost. All right, when will you shoot me? I'm prepared to die; there was always a chance of being caught."

Moran, the perfect student of psychology, said in a fatherly voice, "No, we will not shoot you, unless you absolutely force us."

Moran asked for the Kramer file and pointed out to Sybille that he had all the facts on him, as well.

"You might have loved him, but we know that Kramer is not quite the man you believe he is. He has betrayed his country to the Nazis and he has betrayed you, too. Our intelligence officers tell us he has made love to many more women than you. Even since you left, he has been seen with others. Isn't it true he chose you for this dangerous mission because he wanted to get rid of you, that you were too embarrassing to him since he met another woman? Her name is Maria."

No inquisitor, using a torture instrument, could have hurt her more than the jealousy Moran planted in her soul. Sybille knew that Moran had spoken the truth.

There was a Maria, and Kramer knew her.

"I hate him." She said it very quietly; she had no tears in her eyes

but she was not far from crying. Sybille Delcourt began her long confession.

Kramer had left a whole network of agents behind the fleeing Nazi troops. They were Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, some Germans. They all had false identity papers and passports to be camouflaged for their work. They were now even inside American occupied Cologne. They had to be given orders for sabotage and get their information to Kramer. She, Sybille, was put in charge of this underground spy network.

Sybille told that she was to get from a man named Engelhard the location of the American CIC headquarters in the field and to kill him afterwards with her pistol. Then the remaining agents were to use the armament and the TNT in the secret depot to blow up the United States headquarters.

"I was told that after eliminating Engelhard and learning the location of the United States headquarters and of troop concentrations, I was to report by flashlight signals at the river bank to the other side of the Rhine."

The following night the CIC took the woman to the river bank and she flashed red beams over the river; two long, two short. Sybille gave the signals for one hour. United States soldiers were lying in ambush waiting for the landing. After an hour Sybille's light signals were answered, but nothing followed. After some time, they all returned to headquarters.

The next day the CIC officers took Sybille and drove to the Limburger Strasse address she had mentioned.

A tall German opened the door. He seemed bewildered and innocent looking when the men entered his

home. But when one of the interpreters whispered to him "Nacht und Nebel," the password Sybille had told the CIC, his whole attitude changed.

He led them to Engelhard, but so far they had not found the secret armament cache.

The CIC agents arrested the tall German and Engelhard and took them both to the Lutticher Strasse headquarters.

Next day he called Sybille into his office from her prison cell and said, "You can prove now that you really work for us. Since you know every Gestapo, Kaltenbrunner and Ribbentrop agent in this city of Cologne, give us their addresses and we will arrest all of them."

They started on their hunt, with Special Agent Harry King in charge. Sybille pointed out to King some of the uniformed policemen in Cologne who were secret agents and they arrested them immediately. Then she took the CIC men into the freight yards where they found an old railroader working in a shack on a chart showing the reconstruction of German railroads as done and planned by the United States Army. He was promptly arrested.

One after another were rounded up. There was, for example, a grocery store where the proprietor had a list of all United States trucks and vehicles which had passed by with a full communication count to be given to the Nazis. They discovered in a Church a sexton who had knowledge of the strength and varieties of the occupation forces. A building worker was found who had wide information on the airports.

Next day Sybille and special agent Harry King registered as poor Dutch DP's who wanted to be resettled in Holland.

Here she pointed out several agents and they were arrested. But the CIC was not satisfied. Sybille was told to produce Kramer or she would be shot. Sybille refused.

A few days later Sybille asked to be brought before Moran again. She said she really did not know Kramer's present hide-out, but she knew where they had buried all their secret Gestapo files.

The CIC agents dressed her in an American nurse's uniform, and went with her to a factory near the Rhine and really found the official Gestapo files, with names of every member in the area, every Nazi Party member.

Even agents working behind American lines in the disguise of Allied soldiers were named. The CIC found a veritable mine of other valuable secret papers in this abandoned old factory near Westerwald.

Thanks to this discovery about one hundred and fifty Gestapo agents and secret service men were arrested within a few days. Sybille seemed proud of her work. She had betrayed every Gestapo agent in the Rhineland, but her own lover, Kramer, still could not be found.

Now the events leading to Hitler's downfall crowded each other fast. Muhlheim, opposite Cologne, was taken by the Americans. There in Muhlheim CIC men rounded up two

men and a woman in a cellar. Searching the cellar further they found buried, forged passports, weapons, TNT, poison, poisoned cigarettes, and Gestapo identity cards.

The woman was glad to see the Americans. She talked.

With the information gained, the CIC arrived a few hours later at the suburban house near the Muhlheim woods and found a woman and a tall teutonic looking man in civilian clothes.

CIC men called Sybille into the room. She was trembling, pale.

"Who is this man?" asked King.

Sybille went closer to the man and looked at him. Then she smiled: "I don't know; I have never seen him before."

Within twenty-four hours six witnesses were found who named the man as Kramer. Sybille had refused to betray her former lover.

She was handed over to the Belgian Government and sentenced to death, but, at the war's end, soon after, the CIC wrote a recommendation for mercy and Sybille was released.

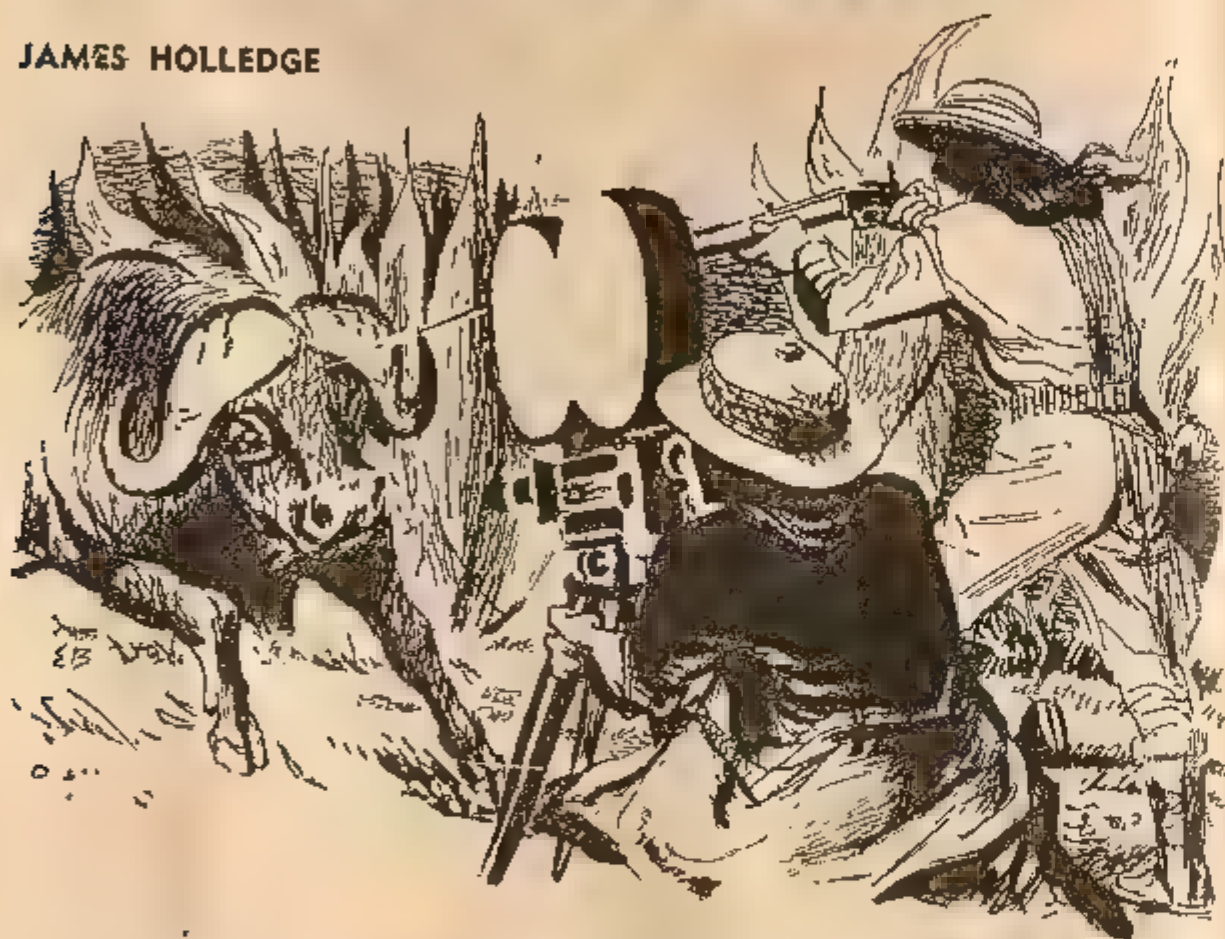
Evidently the Belgians were deeply impressed by the fact that a woman could so love a man in the face of death, even if that man had been faithless to her. So it was that Sybille Delcourt, the Rhine Maiden, received a second chance at life.



When Osa married Martin she embarked on a series of adventures among savages which did not end until her death.

she married ADVENTURE

JAMES HOLLEDGE



MARTIN Johnson, the proprietor of a not-too-successful picture theatre in Independence, Kansas, burst in upon his 17-year-old wife one day in 1911 and announced: "We're going to the South Seas, Osa."

The plump, pretty, bright-eyed girl he addressed offered no objection. "All right, Martin," she said.

For the next 26 years, Osa and Martin Johnson roamed the unknown corners of the globe. They exposed

themselves to hostile savages, unbearable heat, voracious insects, gruelling treks through almost impenetrable jungle and constant danger to film the most complete record ever made of native tribes and wild animals in their natural haunts.

They took the first pictures of the cannibals and headhunters of the wild New Hebrides, of giant gorillas and pygmies in the Belgian Congo and of unexplored African lakes and mountains

Osa ran away from school to marry Martin Johnson when she was barely 16. Ten years her senior and an expert photographer, he had already been round the world with the best-selling novelist, Jack London, in his famous schooner, "Snark."

On his return, Martin rented a picture theatre in his home town of Independence to exhibit films he had made on the cruise. There he met Osa and three days later they eloped.

Life in Independence was too tame for Martin Johnson, so he conceived the idea of an expedition to make a film on the native races of the Pacific.

On the proceeds of the wedding presents and furniture and a loan from Martin's father, the Johnsons travelled by tramp steamer, whaler, island schooner and lugger to Hawaii, the Philippines and the Solomons.

With their money running low, they heard of Malekula in the upper New Hebrides, supposedly peopled by 40,000 cannibals, so wild and savage that even tough blackbirders and recruiters left them alone.

They reached the adjacent island of Vao. There they were able to hire a canoe and five natives as crew, and soon made the crossing to Malekula.

Leaving the canoe and the scared Vao natives on the beach, Osa and Martin, with their camera and a quantity of trade goods as presents, struck inland.

They had no sooner entered the jungle than they were grabbed by headhunters and haled before the island chief, an ugly savage named Nagapata.

Martin feverishly cranked his camera, filming the scene as Osa walked towards the chief and offered him the presents. He ignored them and grabbed her by the arm.

Osa made no resistance as Nagapata examined her hair and pinched her and prodded her. She pushed the trade goods into his hands, but he still seemed disinterested.

Martin then slipped between them and attempted to shake hands. Annoyed, Nagapata shouted an order, and his men seized both of them.

At that moment a British patrol vessel sailed into the bay. Martin pointed to it and shouted, "Man-o-war, Man-o-war," to Nagapata, indicating that it had come on their behalf.

Their captors released them and disappeared into the jungle. Martin grabbed his camera in one hand and Osa, in the other. Coming down the hillside, they saw the patrol vessel turn around and chug away. The natives saw it too. With whoops of triumph, they set off after them in pursuit.

Osa and Martin, however, had a good start and reached the beach first. Their canoe was already in the water. The Vao crew pulled them aboard, and they shot away.

On the proceeds of their Pacific film, which proved a rich money-maker, Osa and Martin Johnson returned to Malekula in 1917 to make a complete film record of the natives.

Adequately financed this time, their expedition consisted of three chartered schooners. When they landed on Nagapata's forbidding domain, they had 30 armed men at their back.

The cannibal king was not a fool and made no trouble. He was almost genial and accepted his presents graciously. When Martin started to film, he capered and clowning before the camera like a Hollywood comedian.

However he was too wily to pro-

vide any evidence of cannibalism, which the Johnsons wanted to complete their film. A trader told them they might do better on the nearby island of Espiritu Santo.

Late one night, Osa and Martin with half a dozen armed supporters landed there and struck inland. After an hour's travelling, they caught the sickly, sweet smell of roasting human flesh.

In a clearing they could see natives dancing round a fire, above which pieces of meat were spitted on long sticks.

Martin ordered a volley to be fired into the air. Then, brandishing flares and yelling like maniacs, the party rushed forward into the clearing. The natives, terror-stricken, raced for their lives.

More flares were lit, and Martin got his pictures of the human flesh. As a final proof, they fished out of the embers a charred human head with rolled leaves plugging the eye sockets. Martin wrapped it up and took it with him for later exhibition.

They returned to the United States from Malekula with another highly profitable film, but as soon as they collected their royalties, set out again for Borneo.

The profits of that trip, in turn, enabled them, in 1921, to fulfil Martin's dream of great photographic safaris in Africa, which was thereafter their principal field of operations.

On their first expedition from Nairobi in Kenya, they pushed north towards the Abyssinian border, crossed the gruelling Kaisoot Desert and discovered a beautiful unknown lake, which they called Lake Paradise.

It lay in the centre of a huge extinct volcano. Unvisited by man, for even the natives seemed unaware of it, Lake Paradise teemed with animal

life. The Johnsons, realising its film possibilities, established a permanent camp on its shores, which became their home for four years.

In later expeditions, the Johnsons trekked into Tanganyika—to a 500-square-mile area known as the "Lions' Den"—to film the king of beasts; they climbed lofty, inaccessible Mt. Kenya and Mt. Kilimanjaro; and they invaded the haunts of the giant gorillas on Mt. Mikenno.

So Osa and Martin Johnson continued the life of adventure they loved. Osa once said: "I was never homesick until I returned to America. Then, with the talk of wars and worries of civilisation, we became so depressed we had to hurry back to Africa."

In 1937, while on a lecture tour of the United States, they were passengers on a commercial airliner which crashed in California. Martin was killed, but Osa, although seriously injured, miraculously escaped.

One of the great love stories of our time was ended. Osa tried to settle down, but she felt she could never find happiness again except in Africa, along the trails she and Martin had trod.

However, war intervened and postponed her plans. With peace, she spent half a million dollars on an elaborate expedition to her beloved Lake Paradise, the only real home she had ever known.

"I can hardly wait to get back," she announced. "I prefer it out there. When I fling my rifle over my shoulder and go out into the forest, I feel that everything belongs to me. I am queen of the jungle."

But without Martin it was not the same, and she soon returned to the United States. In January this year, still without a home, she died of a heart attack in a Manhattan hotel.

JEWELLER

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"Will you buy me a pin, Mr. Van Ney? I just broke a strap."



S

aucy sirens



of the S ilver screen

THIS is the year of Rita Hayworth's Salome; 1918 was the year of Theda Bara's Salome—the glamorous Theda, the most celebrated vamp in screen history.

With Hayworth as the star, her studio made "Salome" the most expensive film it has yet produced (a budget hinted at by 1,000,000 dollars allocated merely to advertise and promote it). Critics berate its distortion in turning Salome into a pure, sweet heroine.

There was no purified sweetness about the titillating Theda's Salome, and though she was smothered from waist to ankle in bejewelled opaque fabrics the sensuousness of her Biblical siren was unabashed. Which illustrates the truth that undress is not necessarily as exciting as the veiled body.

A name symbolic of glamour, Theda Bara came about almost by accident. A long-ago director named Frank Powell chose a girl named Theodosia Goodman for a film called "A Fool There Was" in 1915. Some inspiration renamed her Theda Bara, and careless though Powell's choice was, she created a furore. She set a new vogue; she created the vampire type.

A full face, well-fleshed figure, heavily mascara-ringed eyes and jet

hair falling below her shoulders, this woman quickened filmgoers' pulses in the silent era with her exotic brand of searing moist-lipped allure.

In the next three years Theda Bara made 40 films; in a period when pictures were turned out like sausages, against a star's maybe four films a year, or fewer, today.

Those who remember the tantalising Theda would do well perhaps to stick to memories, or to her spiritual successors. For though memory enhances her reputation, examination of photographic records shows Theda with the chalk-like face and sooty features of the deathly orthochromatic make-up. That effected the extreme black-white contrast essential before development of more sensitive film made it possible for photography to capture a wider range of tones.

The terrific Theda married a director, Charles Brabin (later divorced), who was still making films in the '30's when she had passed her peak. But though she faded away, there are monuments to her in numerous provocative titles—"Destruction," "Forbidden Path," "The Serpent," "The Tiger Woman," "Gold and the Woman," "The She-Devil."

And since Hayworth carries on superbly the siren tradition that Theda Bara did so much to create, we may yet see Rita re-make two of the thermal Theda's triumphs—"Cleopatra" and "The Eternal Sappho."

RAY MITCHELL



the K.O. is a relief

Knockout blows do not hurt the boxer. In fact, a K.O. comes as a relief to a boxer who is being badly punished.

THE crowd roars as the apparently beaten boxer reels to the ropes. His opponent rushes forward to administer the coup de grace. Suddenly the boy on the ropes swings a punch. It connects on the oncoming boxer's chin and he collapses in a heap to be counted out.

It has happened many times. It happened in December, 1949, when the Australian welter champion, Kev Delaney reeled back under a barrage

of punches from the venomous gloves of his challenger, Mickey Tollis. With the crown almost on his head; with the beaten, defenceless Delaney in front of him, Tollis stormed in to finish the fight. Then the befuddled champion brought up a punch from his knees—and Mickey went down. He bounced up and staggered to the ropes, while Delaney swayed drunkenly forward to continue the damage he had started. A few seconds later

the bout was over, with Delaney still the welterweight champion of Australia. And the crowd went wild.

Many times has the underdog, staggering on the brink of unconsciousness, brought victory with one punch. It is one of the things which draw fans to stadiums in thousands. The unexpected; the upset; the power of the punch.

Left hooks and right crosses cause more knockouts than any other blows. There are two reasons for this. A punch thrown through an arc, as must be done in a left hook or a cross, carries the weight of the whole body, which follows the arm, or goes with it. The second reason is that hooks and crosses are the hardest to see. A comparatively light blow will knock out a man if he fails to see it coming. Whereas, if a boxer sees a punch coming at him he automatically steels himself to meet it, and therefore can withstand quite a punch.

Many cases can be quoted of really tough fighters who have been knocked out by cream-puff hitters. One which springs to mind is Ron Richards. He took hard blows from renowned hitters like Ossie Stewart and did not stagger. Yet brilliant boxer, Ambrose Palmer, who scored few K.O.'s in his career, knocked Richards as cold as yesterday's dinner. The reason? Richards did not see the punch which dropped him.

Every fight fan has seen knockouts. Every fighter has scored one at least. Many have scored dozens—and most fighters have been knocked out. Yet how many fans or fighters know the physical reaction which causes a boxer to lose consciousness in the ring? Not many.

There are seven points on the human body where knockouts can be

administered in the boxing ring. These are: The jaw, the ear, the chin, the temple, the neck, the heart and the solar plexus. Of course a blow on the throat will cause a K.O., too, but, owing to the way a boxer holds his head and the size of the gloves, such blows are so rare as to be nonexistent.

A hook is the only blow which can land on the jaw with sufficient force to K.O. a man. When that hook lands the following reaction takes place: The upper end of the jawbone, ball and socket, is forced into the brain area. This agitates the nerves of the brain, causing concussion and senselessness. The concussion may be fleeting and the senselessness may last only a few seconds, depending on the force of the blow, the toughness of the jaw and the amount of previous punishment assimilated by the receiver.

The nerves are completely deadened and the recipient feels no pain until he begins to recover. Then, on regaining consciousness, he hears a buzzing noise and faint sounds of the crowd. Later he has a severe headache.

Quite often the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the ear, where the sense of equilibrium is located, is disturbed by the hook punch. This causes a temporary loss of balance and the receiver gets the "staggers."

However, the knockout does no harm to the boxer, unless he receives too many knockouts in a short time. In such a case he is headed for punch-drunkenness, but in these days boxers who show signs of this are not used by promoters, and eventually they return to normal.

A blow to the point of the chin (which can only be delivered by an uppercut) has a similar effect to the

hook blow. Such a punch throws the brain, as a whole, against the back of the skull, at the occipital point. This action causes a momentary stoppage in the flow of blood to the point, and brings on temporary unconsciousness.

It causes a reaction similar to that resulting from the hook blow, in which the equilibrium is thrown out of gear, resulting in loss of co-ordination between brain and muscles.

The most stunning effect is obtained when the jaw is not tense upon receipt of the punch. That is why most K.O.'s occur when the beaten fighter is tired, and his mouth is open.

The hardest bone in the body, the mastoid, is situated behind the ear. To deliver a knockout with a hook to this point, the blow has to be extremely hard. Such a blow shocks the brain and causes the staggers. Usually a boxer, knocked out by such a punch, is on his feet in a few seconds. Sometimes he beats the ten second count; sometimes he just fails to rise before the ten seconds have elapsed. In both cases, he reels around the ring.

One instance of this occurred in the eighth round of the thriller between Tommy Burns and Eddie Marcus at Sydney Stadium in 1947. Eddie just failed to beat the "ten."

The temple punch is the most dangerous of all. The temple, being the thinnest part of the skull, cannot take such a severe blow as can the jaw or mastoid bone and a punch on this part can lead to fatal results.

Luckily, very few punches land directly on the temple, because it is protected by a protruding bone beneath it and the convex shape of the skull above it. The glove is large and will not fit into the cavity which

houses the temple. Bare knuckles have more chance of landing on the temple. So rare is this punch that there have never been any deaths from such a blow since the introduction of boxing gloves.

However, if a punch does land on the temple, the recipient's eyes will turn upward and the referee should stop the fight immediately.

A punch to the carotid artery in the neck is unaccompanied by the post knockout headaches. The carotid arteries (left and right) constitute the main blood supply to the head and neck, the contents of the cranium receiving their supply from the internal carotid arteries, while the structures more externally placed, such as the muscles of the face, neck, tongue and ear, are supplied by the external branches.

Hence a punch on the carotid stops, momentarily, the flow of blood to the head and face. It also induces sympathetic action of the vagus nerve, causing a temporary inaction of heart and breathing organs. Result is unconsciousness. It has absolutely no ill after-effects.

The solar-plexus punch sets up an unusual reaction. The receiver sits on the floor, clear in the head, in full possession of his senses, but he cannot regain the perpendicular. His legs feel paralysed and he cannot breathe.

The loss of breath is obvious because the air supply has been cut off. But the paralysis is not so obvious, unless you know the make-up of the human body.

Briefly, the solar-plexus lies behind the stomach and in front of the aorta (the biggest artery in the body). It is joined by the splanchnic and vagus nerves and gives rise to eight other plexuses, which supply

the diaphragm, inferior vena cava, oesophagus, suprarenal gland, the liver, kidney, intestines, gall bladder, stomach, pancreas, duodenum and spleen.

So a punch to the solar-plexus deadens the nerves in the area governed by the plexuses, causing paralysis.

This blow is the most painful that can be experienced immediately after it is struck. But there are no adverse effects upon recovery.

A delayed action effect occurs after a heart punch.

One punch over the heart will not stop a well-conditioned fighter, but repeated blows over that area throughout a contest, causes more knockouts than perhaps any other punches. But the heart punch is seldom the last blow delivered, due to the aforementioned delayed action.

The average heart beats at the rate of 72 to the minute, under normal conditions. Punches there bruise the muscles and contract the arteries, altering the tempo of the heart-beats with every punch. As a boxer's heart beats faster while in a fight than it does normally, it can easily be understood that such contraction of the arteries slows him considerably. In ring parlance, he "softens up."

Seconds after the last heart punch is delivered the reaction sets in. The recipient's mouth drops open and he crumples to the canvas. But before he sinks down, he stops more punches. His opponent, seeing his mouth fall open, switches his attack to the head and so a jaw punch is usually the last blow landed, conveying the impression that the beaten boxer was knocked out by a right to the jaw, or a left hook. Actually the heart punches caused the K.O.

One punch which will not cause a direct knockout, but which can be dangerous is the punch between the eyes on the bridge of the nose. Its only immediate inconveniences are watering of the eyes and difficulty in breathing. But repeated blows there over many fights can cause double vision, because they affect the nerves behind the eyes, and the equilibrium. If a boxer begins to suffer this double vision, he should immediately retire from boxing. If he does so, the effects wear off and he becomes once again, perfectly normal.

However, like the temple blow, a punch there is extremely difficult to land. It is such a small area and it is cradled between the nose and the forehead. Actually southpaws are more apt to be hit here than orthodox boxers, because they are more open to a straight right—the only punch which can land on this part with any force.

Actually a man can be killed with one blow to this point, but it is impossible to do so with the gloved fist. To kill a man with a blow to that point, you have to strike him with one knuckle—sharply and accurately.

Boxing may sound dangerous. But one fight never killed a fighter, that is, not a well-conditioned boxer. Nor has one fight ever maimed a boxer unless he entered the ring with a physical defect, a weak heart or suffering from recent concussion. It is the accumulation of many fights which result in injury or death. And ring deaths are very, very few.

So next time you see a boxer knocked out, never feel sorry for him (unless you are sorry for his loss of prestige). The knockout comes as a relief to a boxer who is being punished.



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**KATH
KING**

MAN- BAIT!



SCRIPT BY
SYDNEY
OCKENDEN.
DRAWN BY
PHIL BELBIN.

KATH KING, IN HER SEARCH FOR JERRY DELTON, FOLLOWS THE INFORMATION SHE HAS PICKED UP IN THE TOWN OF MOREN, AND FINDS THE STEEP PATH INTO THE HILLS ~~~~~



LEAVING TRUCK TODD TO GUARD HER CAR SHE BATTLES WITH THE DIFFICULT ASCENT ~~~~~



IN MORVEN THEY TOLD HER A WOMAN COULDN'T MAKE IT, BUT THE MAN WHO LIVED UP THERE ANSWERED JERRY DELTON'S DESCRIPTION



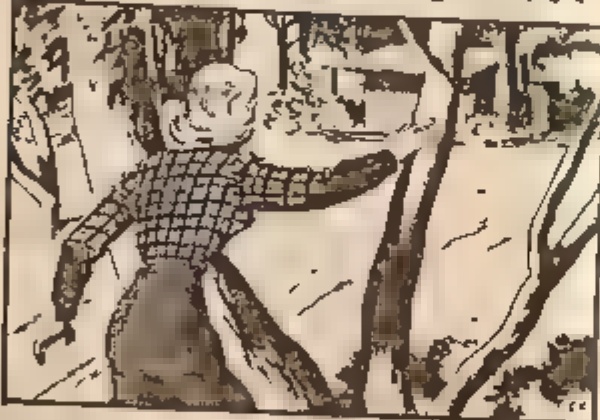
RESTING, KATH RECALLS HOW WEALTHY OLD MAN DELTON ASKED HER TO FIND HIS SON, WHO RAN FROM THE LAW FIVE YEARS EARLIER. HE HAD FEW CLUES



KATH AND TRUCK, WORKING ON JERRY DELTON'S DISAPPEARANCE, GOT A LEAD TO THE TIMBER TOWN OF MORVEN



BY NO MEANS CERTAIN THAT THE HERMIT OF DARK PEAK IS THE MAN SHE WANTS, KATH REACHES THE END OF THE TRAIL WHERE A HUT STANDS IN A LITTLE CLEARING



THIS PLACE ISN'T AS PEACEFUL AS IT LOOKS!



STARTLED, KATH PRESSES BACK INTO THE SHADOW OF A TREE-TRUNK AS A BULLET SMASHES THE BARK, SHOWERING HER WITH SPLINTERS



THAT WAS JUST A WARNING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO MISS.



WHAT DO YOU WANT, GIRLIE?



KATH KING HAS SEEN ENOUGH PHOTOGRAPHS OF JERRY DELTON TO KNOW THAT, WITHOUT HIS BEARD, THIS IS THE MAN SHE SEEKS

CAN I PUT MY HANDS DOWN? YOU DON'T NEED A GUN TO DEAL WITH A WOMAN, DO YOU?

OKAY. NO TRICKS....



THE MAN WITH THE GUN ACCEPTS A CIGARETTE FROM KATH, AND SHE LIGHTS IT FOR HIM



KATH TELLS, WITHOUT PULLING PUNCHES, WHO SHE IS, WHAT SHE WANTS



I WON'T DENY IT-- BUT IT'S BAD LUCK YOU KNOW. YOU WON'T GET BACK NOW!



JERRY DELTON'S FINGERS BITE INTO KATH'S ARMS AS HE HOLDS HER TIGHTLY AGAINST HIM. SELF, WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH HERING WHAT



NO, KATH KING, YOU CERTAINLY WON'T GET BACK ---- NOW!



GLAD YOU CAME, IN A WAY, KATH KING, IT'S KIND OF LONELY HERE.



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR KATH TO REALISE THAT DELTON IS VERY STRONG, THAT SHE IS NEARLY HELPLESS, THAT IS HELPLESS, ----



LIKE YOUR PRISON?



KATH REALISES THAT HER POSITION IS SERIOUS, THAT DELTON IS DESPERATE NOW THAT HIS SECRET IS KNOWN ----



KATH TRIES TO TELL DELTON THAT HIS FATHER HAD SENT HER TO SEARCH FOR HIM ----



YOU'RE A POLICE PIMP!



SUSPICIOUS AND FEARFUL, DELTON ATTACKS KATH ----



THEY THOUGHT I'D FALL FOR A WOMAN! WELL, THEY'RE WRONG!

MOVING TO GRASP HER BY THE THROAT, DELTON'S EYES ARE FLASHING WITH ANGER ----



WE'LL TAKE THAT, MR. DELTON!

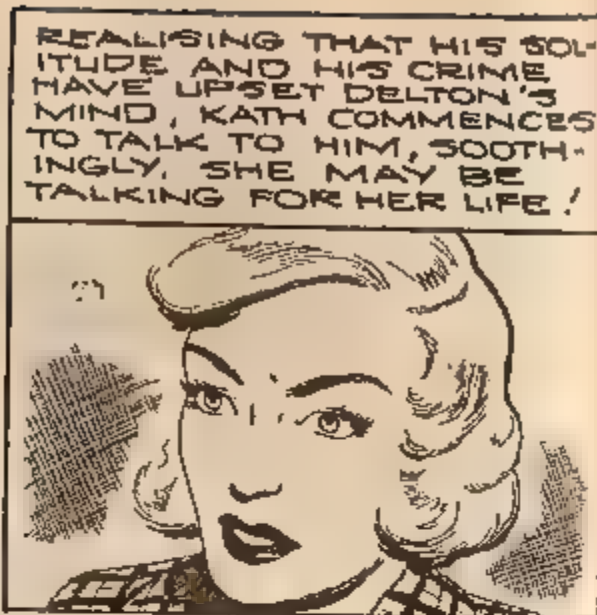


I -- I'M SORRY I MUST BE MAD ----





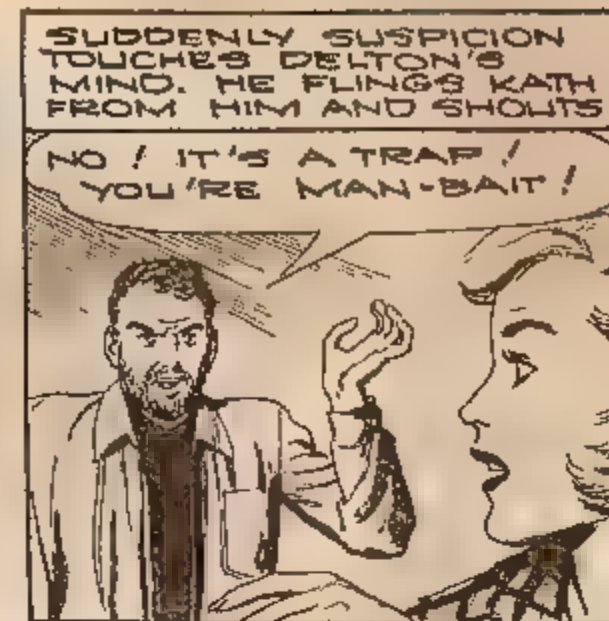
"MUST BE MAD? HE IS MAD!"



REALISING THAT HIS SOLITUDE AND HIS CRIME HAVE UPSET DELTON'S MIND, KATH COMMENCES TO TALK TO HIM, SOOTHINGLY. SHE MAY BE TALKING FOR HER LIFE!

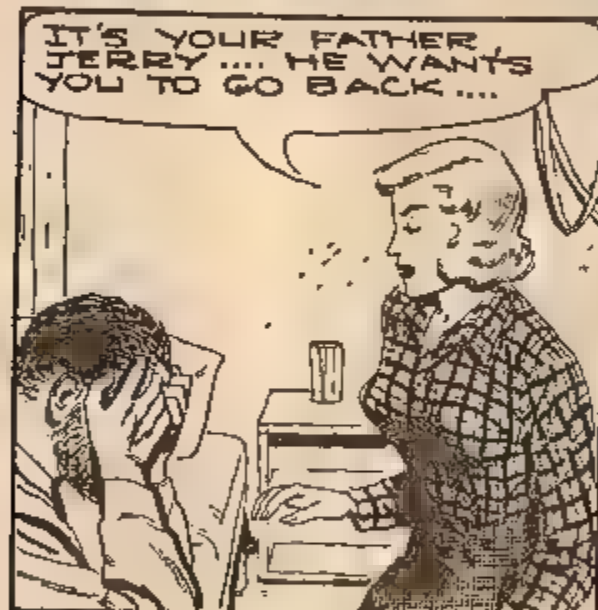


YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT THIS MEANS ----



SUDDENLY SUSPICION TOUCHES DELTON'S MIND. HE FLINGS KATH FROM HIM AND SHOUTS

NO! IT'S A TRAP! YOU'RE MAN-BAIT!



IT'S YOUR FATHER JERRY HE WANTS YOU TO GO BACK

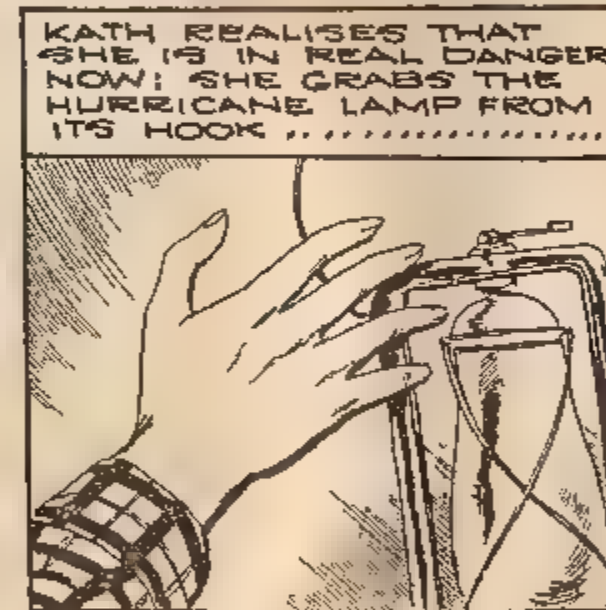


TO BE HANGED!

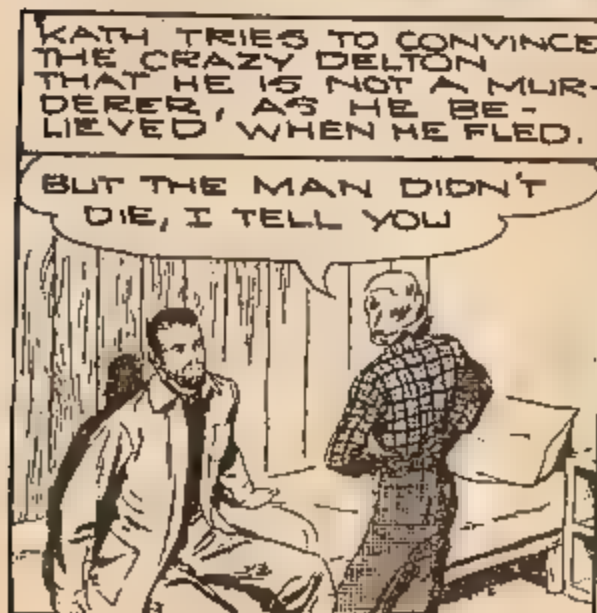


INFLAMED BY HIS SUSPICION, DELTON THROWS HIMSELF ON KATH ~~~~~

I WON'T BE SAFE WHILE YOU'RE ALIVE!

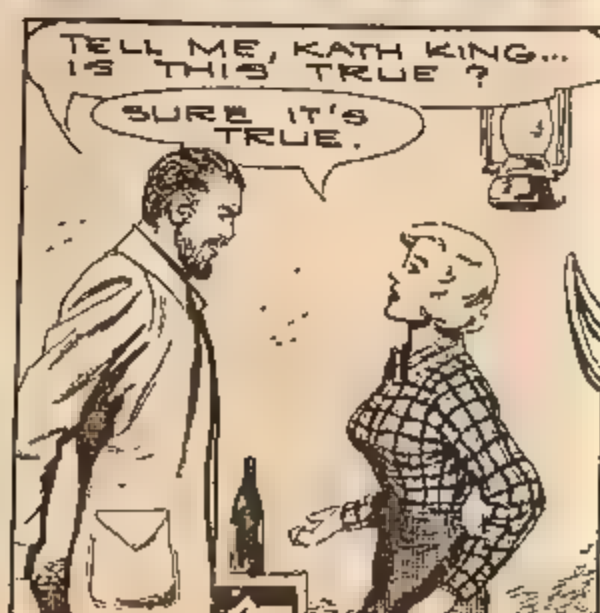


KATH REALISES THAT SHE IS IN REAL DANGER NOW! SHE GRABS THE HURRICANE LAMP FROM ITS HOOK



KATH TRIES TO CONVINCE THE CRAZY DELTON THAT HE IS NOT A MURDERER, AS HE BELIEVED WHEN HE FLED.

BUT THE MAN DIDN'T DIE, I TELL YOU



TELL ME, KATH KING... IS THIS TRUE?

SURE IT'S TRUE.



KATH THREATENS DELTON THAT IF HE MOVES SHE'LL THROW THE LAMP ~~~~~



YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME, MAN-BAIT!

KATH TAKES A DESPERATE COURSE ...



FLEEING AS SHE THROWS THE LAMP KATH CROUCHES AMONG THE TREES AND WATCHES THE HUT BLAZE WITH THE FIRE SHE'S STARTED



TRUCK !

AS DELTON, RAGGED AND SINGED, RUSHES FROM BEHIND THE BLAZING HUT, KATH SEES THE GUN HE LEFT AGAINST A LOG EARLIER, GRABS IT.



THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH THE DESPERATE MAN IS TO KNOCK HIM OUT, WHICH TRUCK DOES.



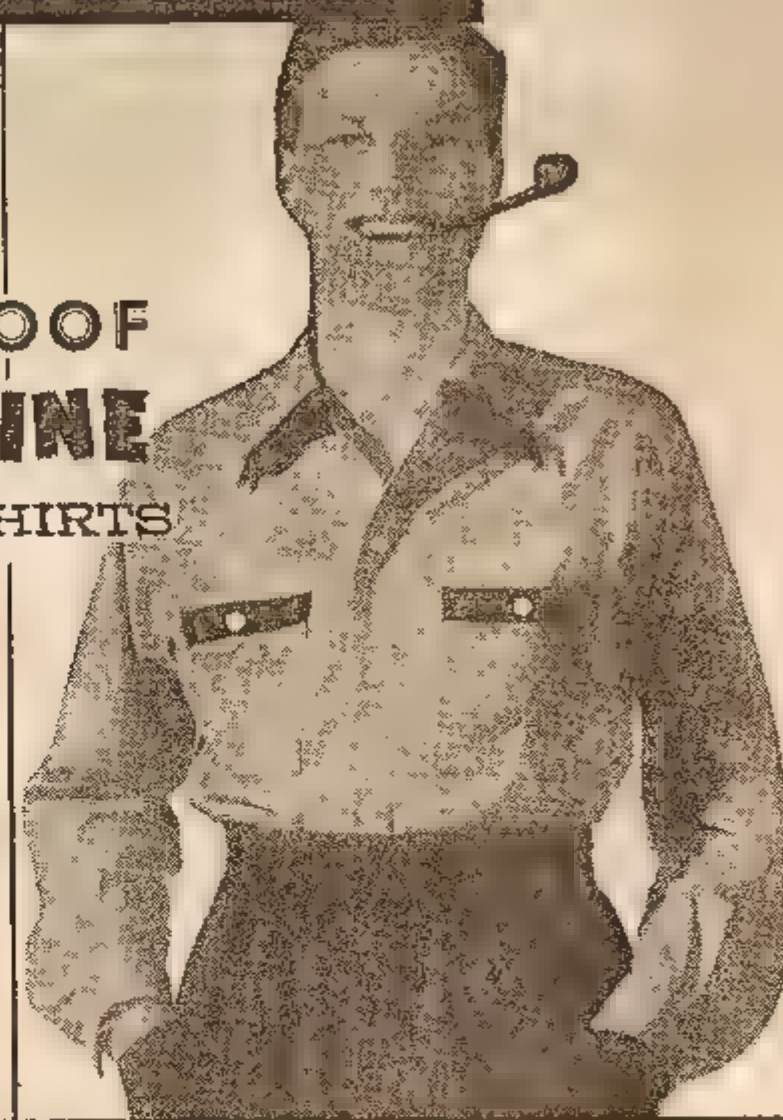
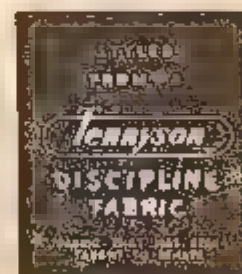
OLD MAN DELTON THANKS KATH FOR WHAT SHE'S DONE, AND TELLS HER THAT DOCTOR'S REPORT THAT UNDER TREATMENT HIS SON WILL REGAIN HIS SANITY, ON BEING CONVINCED THAT THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE MURDERED IS STILL ALIVE.



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YUFFA Mahl peered from the galley; the lugger was deserted and there was no good reason why he should stay aboard, though several why he should not. The pearling fleet was in for lay-up season, and all others of the crew of the "Crocus" were ashore, sating appetites honed to voracious keenness on the whetstone of long denial.

Each to his own ambition, thought Yuffa. The crew would go for grog or exotic dreams in Ling Woo's pipe-house.

"But not them for Tolda or Senca," the slim, young Malay muttered.

As Mahl knew well, the diver, Tolda, and the Manilaman, Senca, who opened shell, were rivals for the honeyed favours of Flor, the white woman who plied her trade for well-filled pouches among the coloured crews, little suspecting the secret, but all-consuming ambition of Yuffa Mahl.

Why should they suspect! Flor's price was a pearl, and how could the menial of the crew, the Number Two Cook Boy of the lugger "Crocus," acquire that fee for her favour!

Yuffa smiled thinly. He raised his right hand to within six inches of his dilating nostrils. It was clenched tightly; he cupped the slender, tense fingers with his left hand and prised them open a bare inch.

Flor's price was one pearl, so Yuffa stole that price. Then came death.



It nestled in the brown velvet of his palm, a bead of beauty, translucent as the smooth, ivory skin of the woman herself and with that same elusive, coral flush that comes when blood is warm.

Senca and Tolda stood beside the path along which Yuffa must pass on his way to the native quarter of the pearling town of Rollin. If they lingered, it must be that they suspected that Yuffa Mahl did have the price of Flor. And there was but one way for a Number Two Cook Boy to acquire a pearl; that was by theft.

Yuffa's anxious eyes concentrated on the third man of the group; though he was dressed in civilian clothes of khaki shorts and shirt, the young Malay, though only in his second season with the fleet, knew him to be the white policeman, Sergeant

Cranbrook. Yuffa fidgeted uneasily. Yuffa slipped the pearl into his mouth; it was the size of a medium pea and settled comfortably under his tongue. He stepped ashore clad in white shirt and trousers, such as a prosperous diver might wear to make a favourable impression on the first night of lay-up.

The stiffness of his walk betrayed his tension as he passed the three men. Tight breath whistled softly between his lips when his back was towards them.

Cranbrook looked critically over the young Malay's attire. "Flash dresser for a Number Two Cook Boy!"

Tolda grunted, but Senca's eyes followed Mahl suspiciously. He was suspicious by nature, and his occupation made him more so, for, as shell-opener, he was in a position of trust



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on the lugger. It forced him to be forever watchful and constantly on guard against the tricks, subterfuges and cunning of members of the crew with covetous eyes for the rich prizes sent up from below by Tolda.

Such prizes were not for lowly members of the crew, any more than they were for the owners; theft was the prerogative of the Number One Boys of the lugger, the diver, the shell-opener, the bosun, with bribes for silence, diminishing in value according to the standing of each, to the lesser lights of the crew.

Senca brought his eyes away from Mahl, and Tolda intercepted the faint lift of his brows. They drifted away from the policeman, to follow Yuffa to the native town. Cranbrook watched them go with a puzzled frown wrinkling his forehead; they had betrayed no desire to leave until the cook boy had passed.

Yuffa dawdled slowly through Chinatown. He stopped outside Ling Woo's store, pretending to be interested in the faded and fly-specked goods displayed, but really sending apprehensive glances along the way he had come, searching for Senca and Tolda, before he peered into the dim recesses.

Failing to sight the Number One boys, Yuffa breathed with relief, but nerves assailed him again when he stepped into the shop. The fat Chinese materialised so silently and so suddenly out of the shadows, that Yuffa gulped in shock. He coughed and retched violently, realising with dismay, that the pearl was stuck in his tonsils; he had nearly swallowed the price of Flor. He brought it up after a hectic spasm of choking and spat it to his hand.

Ling Woo's almond eyes slid downwards, but his impassive face be-



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trayed no emotion. He extended a fat, yellow hand palm upwards, but with fingers, nails like talons clawed. You sell?"

Yuffa did not trust his voice; he nodded, but his suspicious eyes lifted from the extended hand to the almond eyes. His fingers snapped on the pearl, and his free hand clamped over the clenching one.

Ling Woo shrugged. "No see, no buy!"

In a fever of uncertainty, Mohl hesitated, then his hand opened slowly over the yellow one, reluctant to part with his prize; it dropped with a faint flop on to the plump palm. The yellow fingers caressed it, as if sensing value instinctively from the feel, then he carried it to the better light from a rear window. Yuffa followed in consternation.

"Ten pounds," Ling Woo said with finality.

"Ten—pounds!" Yuffa mouthed the price with despair. It was less than he had offered for the favour of Flor towards the close of the last lay-up, and he cringed inwardly from the disdainful contempt with which the white woman had heard his price. If that were her way at the end of lay-up, when most pearlers' pockets were empty, what hope had a poor cook boy of achieving his ambition in the first flush of the saturnalia of lay-up!

Yuffa extended a trembling, brown hand to take his jewel. The wily Chinese hesitated momentarily; in his palm nestled a perfect round, or as near perfect as his first inspection could guarantee. On the legitimate market it would fetch one thousand pounds, so why quibble at another five to his offer of ten!

Ling Woo, almond eyes ever on the alert for danger, saw a white man

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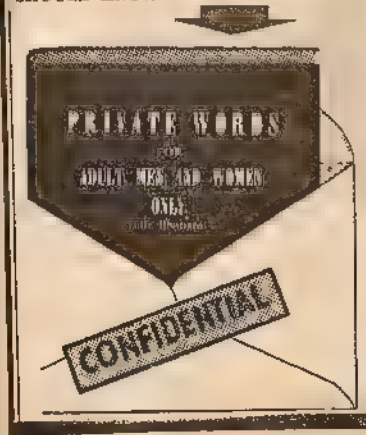
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stroll slowly past the doorway. He glanced in with seemingly idle interest, but he was tall, broad in the shoulder, and clad in khaki shirt and shorts. As soon as he had passed, Ling Woo dropped the pearl to the clawed, brown hand.

"No buy," he said, then he faded into the dark recesses of his shop.

Disconcerted, Yuffa stood uncertainly for a moment, then shuffled from the shop, but gave a quick, anxious search of the street before stepping to it. He moved along towards native town, crossing the narrow street, when he saw the policeman standing in the recessed doorway of Wang Ho's laundry.

Sheltering in the entrance to the pipe-house, Senca and Tolda had watched. "A dog of a thief is Yuffa Mahl. That night when I guard the shell pile, he makes black magic; when I sleep, he steals a pearl."

Tolda laughed insultingly. "You sleep from your own black magic, Manilaman, out of the square-face, black bottle. You are drunk that night."

Senca favoured his friend with an injured look. "It is still our pearl."

Cranbrook rubbed a hard finger and thumb on a worried chin when the two Number One boys stepped past him, hurrying in the wake of the shuffling Mahl.

Yuffa stepped nervously into the public bar of the Beche-de-mer Hotel, the coloured man's club. It was crowded with brown men clamouring for grog, but, beyond it, with wide, folding doors pushed back, was the saloon, tacitly acknowledged as the preserve of the Number One Boys. In there was comparative freedom of movement; in there, the elite of the women preyed on the elite of the crews. Mahl edged a way to the



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Commencing in the
OCTOBER issue of
Australian HOUSE & GARDEN.

line of the folding doors of the club
Flor was there. Toying languidly
with a drink, she stood apart, as was
fitting for a queen, even the white
queen of the women of Rollin. To
her was the choice of clients, but she
was waiting for Tolda; Tolda was
foolishly generous on the first night
of the lay-up and, if he did not
come, she could always hi-jack her
lesser sisters' loot.

Loose-waved hair glistened like
burnished gold, but her eyes were
ice, and her lips the red of blood.
She was tall and slim and long in
the leg. Yuffa's soft, brown eyes
glinted, stripping the flimsy garments
from her slender figure to feast in
imagination on moulded perfection
swathed in soft, ivory skin flushed
with the pink of dawn, delicate, pastel
elusive as was the coral blush of
Yuffa's pearl biting into the palm of
his clenched, brown hand.

The very intensity of his stare
brought Flor's ice eyes slanting ap-
praisingly over the young Malay.
She would have dismissed him as of
no consequence, but Yuffa's right
hand jerked significantly. It twisted,
relaxing, though but momentarily; it
was enough for the pearl to find re-
flection in the brittle glint of Flor's
eyes.

Her lips parted with a smile of
promise. "Buy me a drink, Malay
boy."

Yuffa Mahl stepped one rung fur-
ther up the ladder of his ambition
and, clenched tightly in his hand,
was the means to scale it to full
height. He glanced around with
nervous, jerking eyes then edged
closer to her, bringing up his hand
so that it was covered from all others
by their bodies.

Flor's slim, white fingers slid car-
essingly over the clenched, brown

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Cav. Sept., 53

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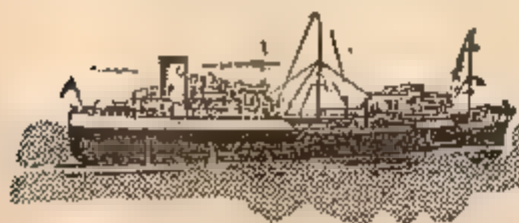
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ones, prising them slowly back. Her eyes widened to concentrate, hard, brittle, and avaricious, on the small, round pellet, as hard and as brittle, yet deceptively soft and translucent, that glittered on his palm. Delicate finger-tips with blooded nails rolled the pearl off Yuffa's skin, giving a tingling sensation that coursed as fevered desire through his youthful body.

White thumb and forefinger lifted the pearl. Yuffa shivered, it was as if desire had been snapped of its potency by its own rampant avidity. His eyes met Flor's, blind to the cunning calculation behind the iced facade. How was a simple, young Malay to know the workings of the white harlot's brain!

Flor dropped the pearl to her other palm, rolling it with sensitive fingers, savouring its smoothness, its perfection. Here was a pearl of price, and what the harpy had in hand, she held! Why damage her prestige, and earning power, as exclusive Number One boys' woman, by giving favours to a simple, young Malay. Her lips smiled promise.

"You know my house?" Mahl nodded dumbly. "When the moon rises tonight."

Yuffa's breath gushed raspingly, but a fever of anxiety gripped him when the white woman's hand snapped shut over the pearl. Anxiety surged to fear when he saw Flor's face iron out to immobility that he knew was the static mask to her own apprehension. He slid nervous glances to right and left; Senca towered above him on one side, while Tolda pressed close behind his other shoulder. Senca's eyes focused piercingly on Flor's clenched hand, as if their burning intensity penetrated, ray-like, through soft flesh to the hard, lustrous jewel

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she held so tightly and greedily.
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Flor mouthed the word silently for Mahl's eyes only. Her eyes spoke soft promise that her lips failed to give.

Reluctantly, apprehensively, with anxious stare focused on her clenched, white hand, Yuffa Mahl edged back between the two brown men flanking him, to move crab-wise towards the folding doors, then through them and into the crowded, public bar. He started with shock when another man came into his line of vision; it was Cranbrook, and he was standing between the two bars.

Panic gripped Yuffa; he turned and, squirming and wriggling, wormed a quick way through the pack to the front door. He darted through with breath gusting heavily and with the sweat of fear making his thin clothes cling to his damp body.

Cranbrook's puzzled eyes followed Yuffa through the pack until he disappeared through the doorway, then he turned them on the three beside the bar beside the saloon. They lingered curiously over Tolda before swivelling suspiciously to the Manilaman, then hardening as they met Flor's. He wondered uneasily if the brown men had glimpsed the lustre of the pearl before the harpy's hand had blacked it out.

Cranbrook shrugged. Of what use to question the ownership of one pearl, when dozens would change from brown hands to white, or yellow, or faintly dusky hue, before the lay-up season ended! He moved out of the Beche-de-mer, to the intense relief of the proprietor and its patrons, both coloured and white.

Tolda's lips curled malevolently, for Senca, with unusual liberality, had out-bidden him for the favour of Flor. He spurned the other harpies and was

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seeking consolation in grog when suspicion crept insidiously into his mind. He left the hotel and started towards Flor's house at the same time that the white woman faced the Manilaman with the width of the living room between them.

Her eyes were brittle and her voice harsh. "I'll see your money first, Senca. Or better, pearls."

Senca's hungry glance fell to her clenched right hand. "I don't bring pearls this time. I come for one."

"Oh, yeah!" Vicious hostility, as yet untainted by fear, rasped Flor's voice. "Guess again, mug!"

"I come for one."

The tall Manilaman came forward in a cautious, stealthy prow. His long arms were hooked, his brown fingers clawed and splayed, and fires of near-madness glinted in his eyes. Flor did not waste time in screaming; her right hand flashed to her open mouth, the pearl clicked on her top teeth, then skidded on her tongue before shooting down her gullet.

"Come and get it, mug!"

Flor gulped on the small pellet as the Manilaman leaped, face contorted from thwarted fury. His long arms shot forward, and his clawing fingers found the ivory column that was her soft throat, but he was too late, and he knew it; she had swallowed the pearl.

But Senca, the Manilaman, was a shell-opener by trade. He ran from the bungalow with a hard, round pellet, its lustre dimmed by blood, clamped in his clenched left hand, a blood-stained knife in his right, and leaving a shambles that had been the white harlot of Rollin on the floor behind him.

As Senca ran, the moon crept over the pindan that hemmed the town to the east, and, within a minute, Yuffa

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"THE EFFICIENT MIND" describes, in detail, The Pelman Course. Copies are posted free on application to The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. All inquiries are regarded as confidential. The Institute has no outside representatives.

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The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to meet the financial restrictions and enable residents of New Zealand to enrol for the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write in the first instance to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

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Mahl stopped at the path leading to the bungalow. He hesitated for a moment, watching the retreating figure, then he peered nervously through the open door into the room beyond.

Yuffa stared with haggard eyes at the mutilated body; Senca was a shell-opener, and Mahl knew what the Manilaman sought most eagerly when he opened oysters. "He get pearl."

His pearl! His price for Flor! Yuffa drew back in revulsion; ambition died in him, but it was still his pearl. He went stealthily along the road in the tracks of Senca.

Tolda, too, had seen the shell-opener leave the bungalow. He, too, followed, but more closely than the young Malay. He darted into the scrub fringing the road, when Senca stopped suddenly at sight of a khaki-clad figure passing through the dim glow of a distant light.

He darted quickly towards the fringe of the pindan, and Tolda followed cautiously, not suspecting that the young Malay stepped stealthily in his wake. Yuffa Mahl had drawn his kris; the haft nestled snugly to his palm, and the blade lay flat along his forearm.

Senca did not panic, but the instincts of the hunted were strong in him, and a precautionary glance back, as he reached the pindan, revealed Tolda to him. Senca crouched in the scrub and waited.

"He always did talk too much," he told himself.

Tolda did not talk, or scream, or groan when Senca reared from the scrub behind him; the Manilaman thrust truly, strongly and direct to the heart. He wrenched the knife from the quivering flesh as the body crumpled to the ground, then he stooped to plunge the blade into the

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sand to clean from it Tolda's blood.

As he straightened, Yuffa's arm weaved in the cast. The rippled blade glinted balefully as a silvered spear flighting in the moonlight. It pierced the brown skin of Senca, slid through red flesh, and buried its point in his pulsing heart. The Manillaman died on his feet.

Yuffa Mahl smiled thinly as he pulled the blade from its human sheath, to slide it under the fingers of Senca's clenched, left hand. The young Malay was thinking that it was easier opening a dead hand than opening shell and, in this case, the reward more certain.

Yuffa's smile held as he stared down at the small pellet, its lustre dimmed with blood. It was his pearl, his price for Flor, but there would be other pearls, and other Flors, and meantime the delights of Rollin at lay-up season beckoned.

Ling Woo's deep sigh was the regretful voice of the hunger in his eyes, as he dragged them away from the lustrous temptation nestling on the brown palm of the young Malay. Ling was an honest man and a law-abiding citizen of Rollin, when necessity demanded.

Rumours of the night forced Ling to the conclusion that a pearl such as Yuffa displayed must, of necessity, have a string, and oriental prescience visioned that string as a hempen rope, suspended, looped, and knotted in an appropriate place.

Ling's eyes slanted to the door. He swallowed hard to rid his voice of a sudden constriction. "Me no buy."

His voice was louder than usual; it carried clearly to the man who had just stepped in from the street. Sergeant Cranbrook came forward to exact his price for Flor.

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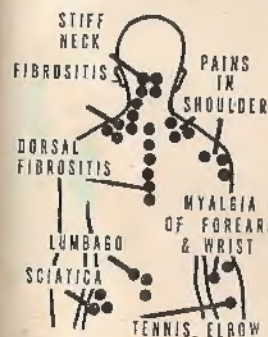
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